

# *First Place for Our Navy in 1923*

January 22, 1921

*New Ships, Big Dirigibles, Super-Flying  
Boats and Man-Power to Lead the World*

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# Leslie's



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Vol. CXXXII. No. 3404

*Work Makes the World Go 'Round*

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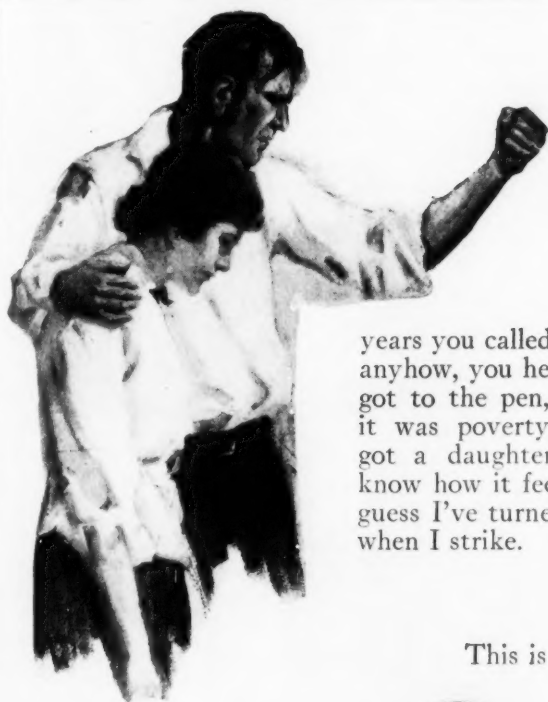
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Drawn by DON HEROLD  
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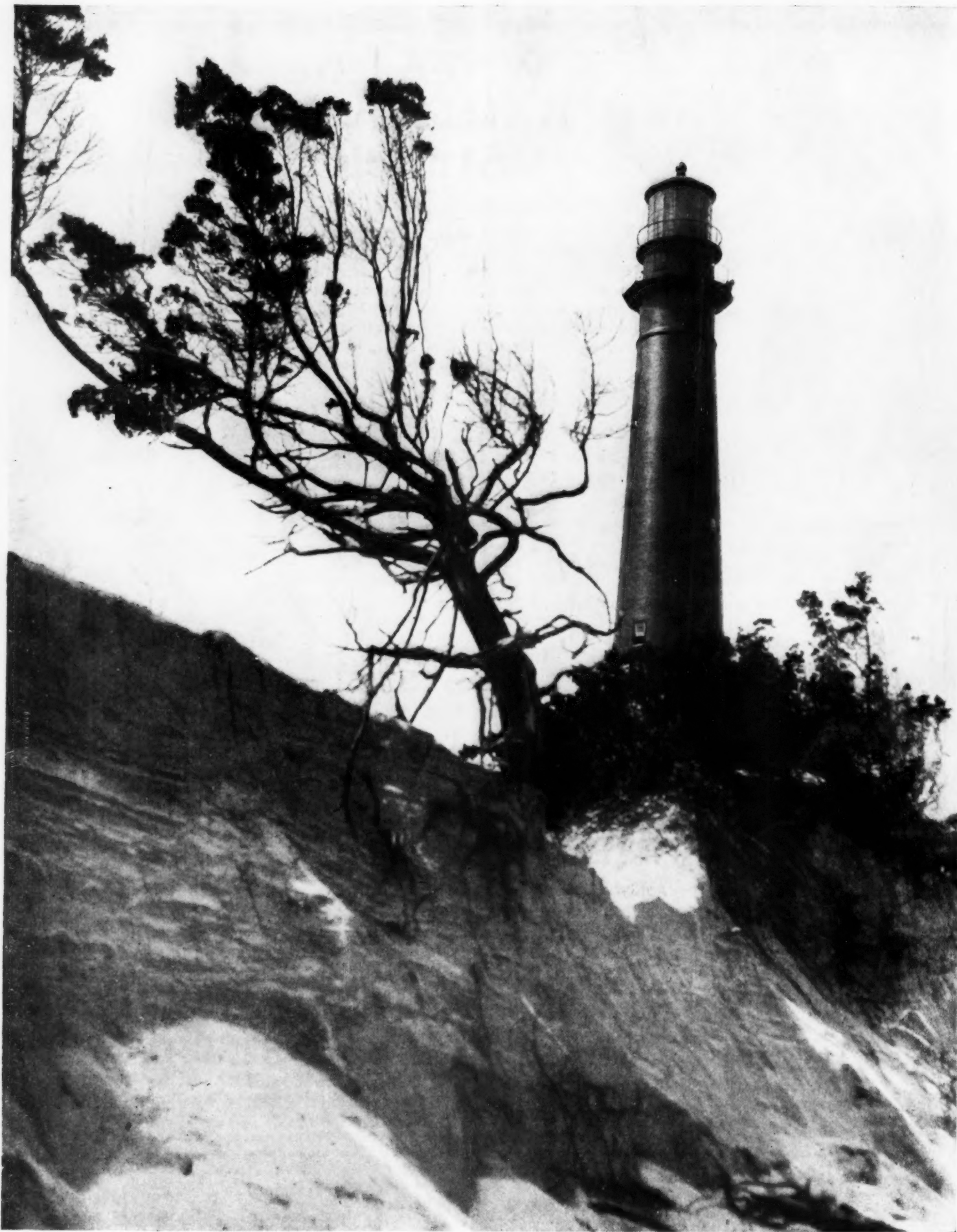


PHOTO © BY H. ARMSTRONG HOBBS

### *Barnegat Light, a Verdun in the Warfare Between Sea and Land*

**A** LIGHTHOUSE cheats the sea of its prey, but sooner or later the sea has its revenge. Who laughs last laughs best, is the burden of its roar. Its laughter is savage. The sea has thrown its white gauntlet at the foot of Barnegat Light, challenging it to mortal combat, and unless an armor can be found which will turn aside the thunderous blows, this lighthouse, which from its height above the Jersey sand marks one of the most treacherous stretches of shoal water along the Atlantic coast, will go down, defeated: a fallen knight in the lists of Neptune. Much of the land about the light has already succumbed; much of the rest is doomed. The hope

of the Lighthouse Board is in the plan of Prof. Lewis M. Haupt, foremost expert in the protection and reclamation of beach front. Not a granite wall, but jetties of wood, he proposes. Persuade, not coerce the sea, is his stratagem. Sand, carried in by the tides, will gather about the jetties and form the nucleus of a beach, which in turn may save the light. Professor Haupt's buttress is a curved stockade with two rows of piles. It serves as a pocket, in which the waves are "persuaded" to leave their sand. It is a terrific test of the principle of brains versus brute force. Absecon Light, Atlantic City, and the Light at Cape Henlopen, were both saved in this way.





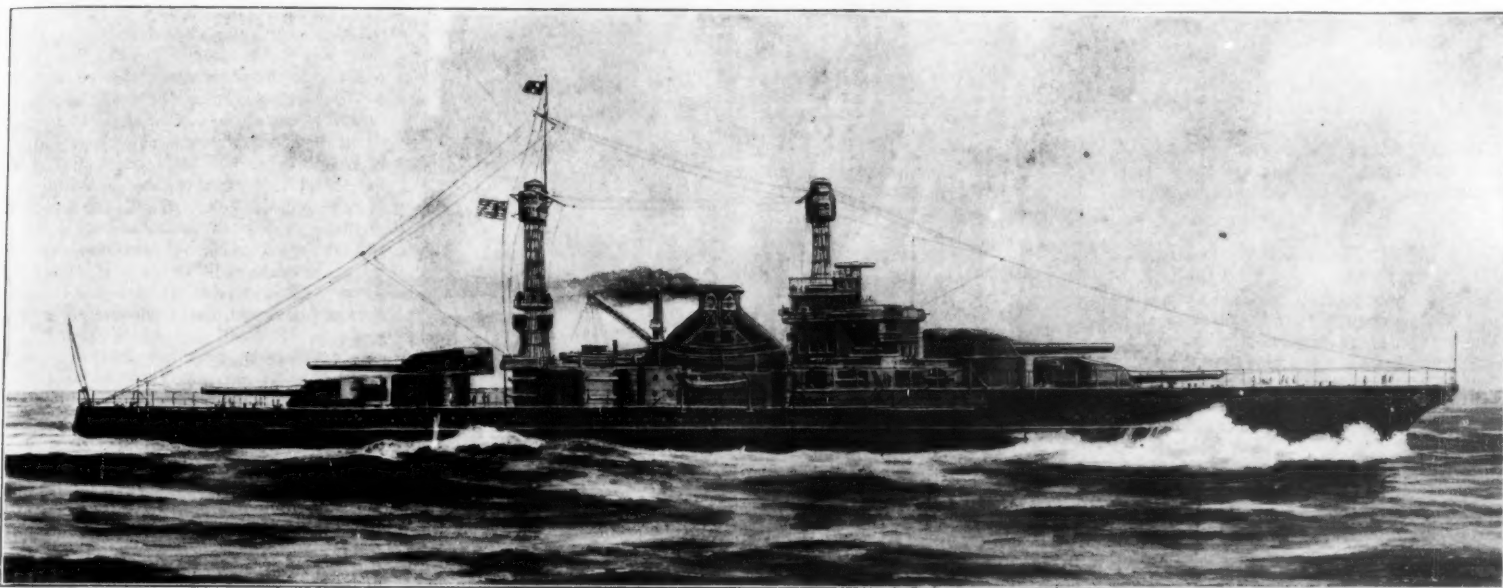
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# Leslie's

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES



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Our entire fleet which won the battle of Santiago in 1898 was unable to deliver a broadside equal to a single salvo from one sea fighter like this—a battleship of the fast

North Carolina class. Included in its armament are twelve 16-inch and sixteen 6-inch guns. By 1923 our navy will have ten such tremendously powerful giants.

## The U. S. Navy in First Place in 1923

*Authoritative Facts About Our Naval Program, Which Aims to Make Us the World's Chief Maritime Power*

By **RUSSELL B. MOON**

Official Statistician U. S. Navy Department

**T**ODAY we have not only the Atlantic Fleet, but also a Pacific Fleet. Either of these is far greater than the famous fleet, which, led by "Fighting Bob" Evans on the flagship *Connecticut*, girdled the world in 1907-1908, to the plaudits of the peoples of all continents. The vessels of that famous fleet have today taken up a position in the background, as craft available for training purposes and emergencies only. And, in the same manner, the powerful single units of today will become insignificant when compared with the fleet of 1923. For at the present moment the fleets are a force of which the 14-inch gun is the leading weapon, just as in 1909 the 12-inch gun was supreme. In 1923 the gun-power of the fleets will be reckoned by the 16-inch on our dreadnoughts now building.

The cruiser force of the United States Navy has been temporarily to a degree depleted by the loss of two vessels and the small gun-power and slow speed of the others. But in 1923 with our six battle cruisers unequaled by any power on earth, and with our ten new scout cruisers or commerce destroyers of 33 knots speed, the cruiser force will again come into being as a force for which an enemy must entertain the highest regard. Let us compare the gun-power of these two mighty fleets as they will stand in 1923, with that of the famous fleet of the United States' "new navy" of 1909.

The Atlantic Fleet, which constituted our first line of defense in 1909, consisted of sixteen vessels, which included the principal units; others were detached, or in the navy yards for overhauling. Of these sixteen vessels the *Connecticut* was the type which represented the greatest gun-power, having four 12-inch, eight 8-inch and twelve 7-inch guns in her main battery. Of these, four 12-inch, eight 8-inch and six 7-inch could be trained on one broadside, the firing of which delivered a combined mass of metal weighing approximately 5,356 pounds. There were six vessels of the *Connecticut* type in the fleet capable of firing a combined broadside the weight of which would approximate 32,736 pounds of metal. In addition to these, there were five vessels of the *Virginia* type, whose battery was the same in every detail except the arrangement, and

having 6-inch guns on the broadside instead of 7-inch as on the vessels mentioned above. These vessels could deliver a combined broadside weighing approximately 25,280 pounds. They were the principal units in the fleet at that time, the older ones not being worthy of mention, and the newer ones of the *Michigan* and *Delaware* class just being launched or under construction. Combining the weight of the projectiles which could be fired simultaneously from the broadside batteries of these eleven vessels of the pre-dreadnaught type, we find that they were capable of throwing a mass of metal which weighed approximately 58,000 pounds.

**T**HIS fact-filled, informative article is rendered especially timely by a number of recent happenings, chief of which is the emphatic announcement by Secretary of the Navy Daniels that he is opposed to the suggestion made the other day that Great Britain, Japan and the United States cease constructing fighting vessels and for a time take a "naval holiday." Although he has not approved unconditionally the recommendation of the General Naval Board that a new three-year program of construction be authorized, the Secretary has declared himself as favoring a powerful navy fully capable of commanding the respect of all foreign nations until such time as the great Powers of the World agree, without reservation, either to disarm or greatly curtail their naval plans. It will be noted that the author of this article discusses only what is actually being done in accordance with our naval program of 1916 and scheduled for consummation in 1923.

Here were eleven first-class fighting ships which constituted the backbone and the first line of defense of the United States Navy, and the weight of a combined broadside from all eleven is only about two-thirds the weight of a combined broadside which three vessels of the new *Massachusetts* class can deliver once every thirty seconds, when completed in 1923.

One vessel of this new type under construction can deliver a broadside of 16-inch projectiles alone, weighing 24,000 pounds, or a combined broadside of 16-inch and 6-inch weighing 24,800 pounds, which is greater than that delivered by the entire fleet at the battle of Santiago in 1898.

The latest addition to the fleet is the *Tennessee*, while launched and nearing completion is the mighty *California*, her sister ship. These two vessels are the last of the class carrying 14-inch guns now under construction. Following these will come the ten vessels provided for in the 1916 program, which was arranged to cover a period of three years' construction, but which was delayed during the war when construction was centered on destroyers and lighter craft. These ten vessels will all be armed with 16-inch rifles, something which no other naval power will have at this time, with the possible exception of Japan.

From a standpoint of gun-power these ten vessels will be capable of destroying the navy as it stands today including the *Tennessee* and *California*. In addition to these ten super-dreadnaughts with their 16-inch batteries, we will have six battle cruisers, each armed with eight 16-inch rifles and capable of making 33 knots speed. The fleet will then consist of 24 single caliber ships, and 23 of mixed caliber, having a gun-power of one hundred and fifty-two 16-inch guns; one hundred and twelve 14-inch and eighty 12-inch, while the secondary batteries will contain hundreds of guns of smaller caliber ranging from 6-inch down to 3-inch anti-aircraft batteries.

To this great fleet of battleships and battle cruisers will be added ten commerce destroyers, and nine fleet submarines of long cruising radius, seaplane carriers, and numerous aircraft. Each of these scout cruisers will have a

battery of twelve 6-inch, 53-caliber rifles. These fast little cruisers will be of a type similar to a destroyer, and in fact they will each carry two 21-inch twin torpedo tubes on deck; but unlike the destroyer, they will carry a small sheathing of armor over their vitals, and their twelve 6-inch guns will be capable of deadly execution to an enemy's commerce. They will be 555 feet 6 inches in length, of 7,500 tons displacement, and have a speed of 33.7 knots per hour. The engines will be capable of 90,000 shaft horsepower, which is 64,600 more than any commerce destroyer previously constructed by this country.

These vessels will be equipped with powerful wireless, and one feature, quite a departure in United States naval construction, will be the tripod mast. The tripod mast is a popular form of construction in many navies, and especially that of Great Britain. These vessels are too small to carry the popular cage mast of the United States Navy and require too large a fire-control station to be supported by a pole mast alone. They will burn oil, carrying enough fuel to cover a large steaming radius, at an economical speed. In addition to the main battery, they will carry two 3-inch anti-aircraft or sky-guns. In the original plans it was also intended that they carry aircraft for scouting and bombing purposes. These vessels will be named as follows: *Milwaukee*, *Cincinnati*, *Raleigh*, *Detroit*, *Richmond*, *Concord*, *Trenton*, *Marblehead*, *Memphis* and *Omaha*. The first of these was launched on December 14 at Tacoma, Washington, and the vessel was christened *Omaha*. This ship will probably be completed by November 1, 1921.

Three fleet submarines are under construction at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and the bids for the other six are now under consideration. These submarines will be a valuable asset to the fleet in that they can accompany the latter under all conditions. The plans provided for vessels over 300 feet in length and a displacement of more than 2000 tons.

The propelling machinery for surface operation consists of two main Diesel engines, located in the after part of the hull, driving directly on the main shafts, and two auxiliary Diesel engines in the forward portion of the boat, driving electric generators which, in turn, supply electric current to two main electric motors, one on each main shaft. When operating submerged the vessel will be propelled by the two main electric motors, taking current from a powerful storage battery. It is estimated that the surface speed, under full power, will exceed 20 knots per hour, and that nearly half that speed will be attainable in submerged condition. The fuel oil capacity is such as to provide for a large radius of action, and the vessel will be entirely capable of accompanying the fleet under all conditions.

The armament includes torpedo tubes in the bow and stern, with an ample allowance of 21-inch torpedoes. There will be a five-inch gun mounted on deck, forward of the conning tower.

Three periscopes of the latest improved patterns will form a part of the equipment, and each vessel will be provided with the latest type of radio outfit, both for surface and submerged work; also with listening devices. Commodious and comfortable quarters will be provided for the officers and crew.



The term "leviathan" may well be applied to the latest additions to our fleet. This shows the great size of one of the rotors in the turbines of the U. S. S. *California*, a monster that is now being outfitted with 14-inch guns.

Particular attention has been given in the design of the structure of the vessel to insure adequate strength of the hull to resist the pressure due to deep submergence and to provide against rupture due to the explosion of depth charges.

Two seaplane carriers have been provided for by the reconstruction of the collier *Jupiter* and a vessel obtained from the Shipping Board. The *Jupiter*, renamed the *Langley*, will probably join the fleet next spring. All the coal-handling gear has been removed and in its place will be erected a flying-deck, which will be located about 56 feet above the waterline, extending from bow to stern, a length of about 325 feet and with a width amidships of about 65 feet. This deck will be flush all over so as to make an ideal platform for flying off and landing. Means will be provided on this deck for rigging an arresting device to facilitate landing. Catapults for projecting the planes to give them the necessary speed for flight will also be provided on this deck, forward and aft.

An elevator will be installed for hoisting the planes from below to the flying-deck, and around this elevator a palisade will be provided to form a wind break for protection to the planes while being assembled.

Two cranes with large outreach, one on each side of the vessel, will be provided to hoist aircraft out of the water and land them on the hangar deck, which is the deck next below the flying-deck. Beneath the flying-deck traveling cranes will be provided for hoisting planes out of the hold and for transferring them fore and aft to the shop spaces and elevator. Shop facilities for repairing the planes will include: Machine shop, wing repair shop, molding spaces, metal shop and various storerooms.

The hold spaces are being fitted for the storage of aircraft and their accessories, aircraft ammunition including bombs and torpedoes, ship's ammunition, fuel oil,

gasoline and storeroom spaces. An elaborate system will be provided for distributing gasoline and lubricating oils to various stations on the hangar deck and flying-deck.

The smoke pipe has been arranged so as not to obstruct the flying-deck and to keep the smoke clear of the flying-deck, in order not to interfere with making a landing. This will be accomplished by providing a short smoke pipe on each side, clear of the flying-deck. The branches will be interconnected so that the smoke can always be discharged on the lee side. One of the smoke pipes will be arranged to hinge downward when considered necessary to discharge the smoke near the water; the other is arranged to discharge the smoke downward through a water spray.

A radio outfit will be provided and carried on masts, which are capable of being completely housed below the flying-deck. An auxiliary radio outfit has also been provided so that the planes can be communicated with when the main radio outfit is housed. The *Langley* has a speed of about 15 knots, 12,700 tons displacement, and a gasoline capacity of 578 tons. She will carry 45 officers and 260 men. She will probably carry 12 single-seater pursuit planes of three hours' cruising radius, all having a speed of over 100 knots per hour; 12 two-seater fire-control planes of four hours' cruising radius and a speed of 100 knots; 6 seaplanes equipped as torpedo planes with a cruising radius of four hours and a speed of 80 knots; and four torpedo planes with a cruising radius of 2 hours and a speed of 100 knots.

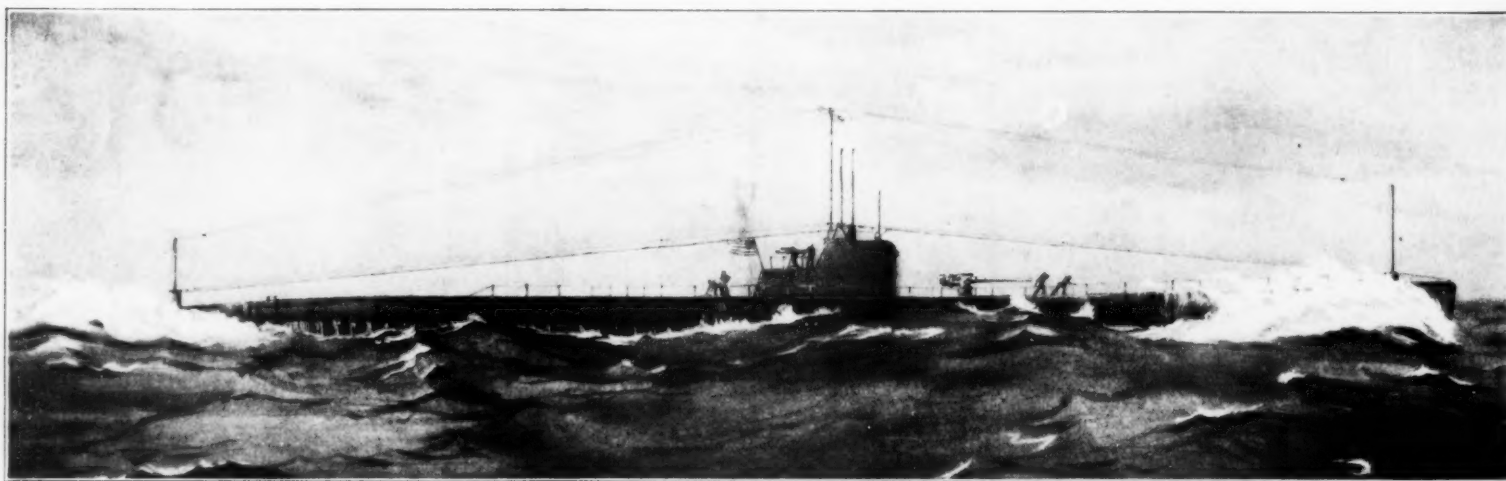
The construction of these seaplane carriers marks the return to the original landing and launching platform as demonstrated by Eugene Ely, on the *Pennsylvania* in 1911. Land planes will be used in many instances. If it becomes necessary to make a forced landing the plane will be equipped with flotation bags located under the wings and over the chassis. These can be inflated with compressed air, and will float the plane until picked up.

These seaplane carriers are the first, worthy of the name, to be used in the United States Navy. They mark the real beginning of aviation with the fleets, and herald the coming of greater and more efficient seaplane mother ships.

Add to the above 300 destroyers and 160 submarines, and you have the approximate strength of the United States Navy in first-class fighting units for the year 1923. This does not include the supply ships, repair vessels, hospital ships, and many units available for coast-guard service.

The construction and development of this great fleet at the end of 1923 will have covered a period of forty years, dating from July 26, 1883, when the first contract was let for the *Chicago*, one of the first steel ships of the "new navy." Other ships contracted for at that time were the *Atlanta* and *Boston*. It was the construction of this "new navy" that gave the steel industry its first foothold in this country. Now this industry has developed until during the recent struggle in Europe it placed us at the head of the world in the production of steel products, from guns to girders.

Once more the United States Navy is on an equal footing with the maritime powers of the world, a position we have not held since 1865. With our new ships on the stocks, dirigibles under construction, and super-flying boats being assembled, there looms a great future for our navy.



Three "fleet submarines" like this are now under construction for Uncle Sam, and six will shortly be placed. All will have a length of over three-hundred feet and a displacement of more than two thousand tons. They will accompany our

larger fighting craft under all conditions. Every lesson of the European War was learned by our experts, and it is safe to say that our undersea fighters will be the last word in submersible construction. If we have a war they will prove invaluable.



# Two Men Whose Big Ideas Turned Into Dollars

## The Postmaster Who Had an Idea—and Sold It

THREE years ago Otto N. Rath, postmaster at St. Paul, Minn., had a fairly busy day. It was just before Christmas, and everybody was getting presents—whole loads of them. Well, that day Rath delivered 100,000 parcels.

Then he went home. As he reached the porch at his home, a delivery wagon from a downtown department store drove past. He went in and hung up his hat—and just then a delivery wagon from another department store passed.

That started Rath to thinking. Presently a motor-truck from the post-office hurried by with a load of parcels.

"There, I have it," he said. "The post-office will make the deliveries for the stores. If we can deliver 100,000 parcels in a day, we can deliver the packages for the stores in a walk."

But the idea didn't look like a Christmas gift to the merchants. Trust their deliveries to the post-office? No, sir, they were having trouble enough as it was. Some even laughed at the postmaster. Others said it was a nice idea, but they shuddered at what it would do to their business.

So Rath turned salesman and started out to canvass the merchants. He had been a soldier in the Spanish-American war—in fact, an organization of former service men was responsible for putting him into office—and he had ideas about getting things done. Incidentally he had been employed with a firm that made a specialty of deliveries.

For months, he hammered away at those merchants. Finally one merchant agreed to try the plan. Rather, he capitulated.

"I never thought anybody could sell the post-office to me—until this fellow Rath got on my trail," said the merchant. Then another merchant weakened, then another. Rath appealed to Washington. He was bound to have that job. Months of delay ensued while red tape was untangled. Finally, the post-office department said to go ahead.

So in March, 1920, there was established in St. Paul the first and only central delivery system for depart-

ment stores in the United States operated by the post-office. Since that time Omaha, Neb., Washington, D. C., and a dozen other cities have taken steps to adopt the plan.

Incidentally, the soldier-postmaster has been doing the job faster and cheaper than the stores in St. Paul could do it. During the recent Christmas shopping rush, when the stores were selling thousands and thousands of packages daily, the unique system built by the postmaster handled the mountains of packages with promptness and dispatch. Skeptics said the system would break down in this crisis, but every boy in St. Paul got his Christmas toys on time. Rath saw to that.

From nine to ten thousand packages Rath delivers from the St. Paul stores every day, and they include everything from garbage cans to bottles of ammonia. Practically all articles sold by the big stores, coming within parcel-post regulations as to size, are delivered by the post-office. Only furniture and other extremely bulky articles are delivered by the stores themselves.

Merchants estimate the saving from the plan to the larger stores from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year—not so bad for a single idea picked up by a postmaster on the wayside as it were.

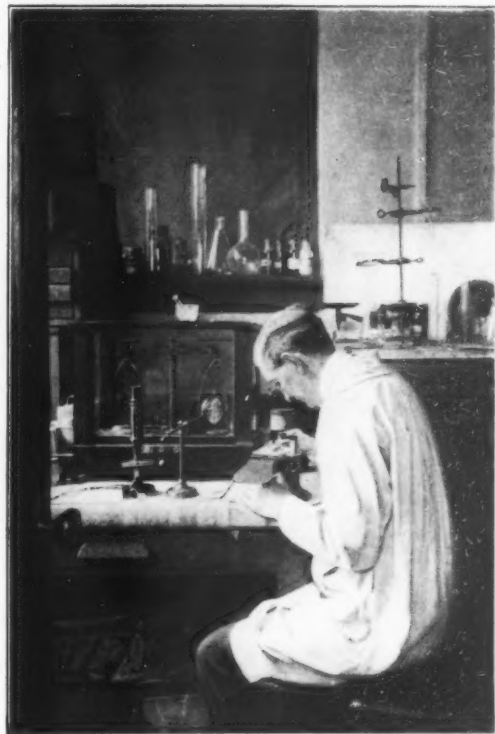
To deliver a parcel under the old plan cost the store about 14 cents. Now it costs but little more than 6 cents on the average, where no collection is made; and where collection is made, the cost is but slightly more than 9 cents a parcel.

Sixty trucks have been sold by the stores, and sixteen post-office trucks are doing their work. Nine-tenths of the delivery equipment of the stores has been sold or laid aside, and three-fourths of the drivers and helpers, more than a hundred in fact, have been dismissed. Seven of the biggest stores are using the system exclusively.

Rath gets the afternoon purchases delivered by 9 a. m. the next morning, beating the best time of the stores under their own systems by three or four hours. Not long after the system went into operation, one of his men got the postmaster out of bed to receive a package one morning. And Rath doesn't get up late either. The clock said 7.40 then.

"Now, I make my purchases in the morning," said Rath. "Then they come out in the afternoon."

Earl Christmas.



Before this man—Fred A. Howard, of Boston—won success he had to struggle hard for forty years. Today he is in a position to save our shoe manufacturers millions of dollars through his discoveries.

## The Man Who Found Millions Under a Microscope

SOMEWHERE back about sixty years ago a little boy sat on a settle beside a big New England fireplace in South Easton, Mass., and winked his eyes so he would not go to sleep and miss all the curious things his father and grandfather were telling each other about leather, while in his heart he resolved that some day he would find a solution for their problems.

At fourteen life did not seem to be turning out as he had planned, for he left school and instead of revolutionizing the leather industry he ran errands all day for men who did not know that down deep in his boyish heart there lay a great ambition.

Eleven more years passed without any stirring incident in the life of Fred A. Howard, and then, like many men whose ambitions lead in another direction, he saw a business opportunity, and could not let it slide by. He went to work in a bottling factory.

Opportunity was close on his heels, even if she was not gilded with dollars, and he made the acquaintance of Professor Alexander Bernstein, a famous German chemist. For two years these men worked and struggled together, accumulating valuable data that was to be the foundation on which Mr. Howard built his later work.

At that time hemlock leather was the bane of the leather trade. Indispensable for its toughness, it cracked when bent, and could not be made pliable enough for ordinary use. Fred Howard solved the difficulty by discovering a combination of chemicals that dissolved the tiny crystals into which the tanning fluid had been resolved and which were so sharp-pointed they cut the fibers wherever it was bent. This encouraged him to open a tiny laboratory, which soon became the dumping ground for damaged leather.

But money did not flow into his coffers, for he was a scientist, not a financier. Unceasingly he labored in the face of discouragement, poverty, the anxiety of an invalid wife and repeated failures. His goal was the formation of a fluid that would take the place of "korlin," a chemical substance found in live skin, whose purpose is to preserve the fibers from disintegration.

Forty years of endeavor have won him his goal, and within the month a beautiful new laboratory just outside of Boston will mark the crowning achievement of his discovery of the fluid he has called "korite," and in the heart of the shoe-making and leather district will be opened a research and experimental department which will aid in the economic preservation of one of the most valuable of our national resources.

Online D. Foster.



Otto N. Rath, postmaster at St. Paul, Minnesota. According to the merchants of the Western city, one of his novel ideas, which has been put into practice, is saving the larger stores between \$75,000 and \$100,000 a year.

"Kewpie," alias "Baby," alias "Sweetums" had fed far past repletion.



The night was split by his shrill voice telling the spite of a hungry mutt.



The group of influential men fixed their eyes on the big fellow. Would the market stand another advance? Only Clegg knew—"Cement King" Clegg, who never guessed wrong. What he advised, they would do, for Clegg ruled them.

## As the Poles Apart

By JACK BECHDOLT

Illustrated by WALTER DE MARIS

**B**ETWEEN Fishkill Square and Gilligan Place is the distance of one short, north-and-south New York block; equivalent to the sum of the depth of two Manhattan building lots, or about as far as a Greek discus thrower of the Department of Street Cleaning can toss an ash-can. Yet the social space between them is as far as the poles apart.

Though the backs of the staid old brick dwellings of Fishkill Square barely ignore the backs of the tenements of Gilligan Place, laced with iron fire escapes by the scant width of a No Man's Land of back yards where clothes dry and cats prowl, their faces are turned away and never their gaze shall meet. For the ruddy, red-brick countenances of Fishkill Square, conservative as four per cent, with their embellishment of pineapple iron grille, deepest white doors and shining brass knockers look upon a pleasant close where velvet-footed motors pass discreetly like portly old butlers in their liveries of midnight blue or puce; while the long, narrow-faces of Gilligan Place "apartments" see only a tatterdemalion row of stables and warehouses and lofts and streets that swarm with perambulators, brawling trucks and hustling humanity.

Between these neighbors of brick and brownstone lies a social abyss, deep and dizzy, wide and arid, and yet—

**K**EWPIE, alias Baby, alias Sweetums, alias Mama's Boy had fed far past repletion at the groaning board of Sam McCann.

Kewpie's little pink eyes stared dully upon a world full of the hateful things conjured up by chronic indigestion. Kewpie's black button of a nose was hot, and Kewpie's futile four pillars that served as legs sagged beneath the weight of an overfilled stomach.

For months that now had run into years, the table of Sam McCann had groaned with food, groaned until it was becoming bowlegged like Kewpie. To Kewpie, alias Sweetums, had fallen a plethora of rich pickings—steak bones replete with nourishment, chicken breasts and drumsticks, spare chops, and the odds and ends of roasts until this pink-eyed parasite that disgraced the honored name of dog had developed a disposition that bore the gratitude of a viper and had the flea's capacity for annoyance.

"God," said Sam McCann, pushing back his chair with a look of sharp distaste for his supper table, "the mutt looks just like I feel! That blood sausage must be too rich for me—I don't never want to see grub again. Well, I'm off—"

"To the corner, I suppose?" Mrs. McCann complained from force of habit, which long usage had robbed of virile bitterness. "G'wan, waste all your money wit' the boys, lapping up bootleg and betting on fourflushes and comin' home stewed and—"

The front door of the McCann flat cut short the rest of it. Sam McCann could afford his pleasures, and he let no wifely sarcasm deter him. He was a journeyman plumber, and the total of his time and time-and-a-half kept him in all the excitement he could assimilate, just as it kept Mrs. McCann a patron of all the movies, and supported Kewpie in indigestion.

The early hours of the night slipped past. Lights in the rear windows of exclusive Fishkill Square winked out. Lights in the rear windows of populous Gilligan Place were doused; the last squalling baby quieted. Finally even the home beacon of the pleasure-loving Sam McCann ceased to shed its garish, gaseous rays. A big October moon monopolized back-yard illumination.

All the world slept, all save Kewpie and Jason Clegg, the cement king.

Like Sam McCann, Jason Clegg retired late, but unlike Sam not to sleep. Jason Clegg's had been but a normal evening, too much dinner with too much to drink at an uptown hotel, a girl-and-music show, a roof with more to eat and drink and too many rich cigars, home, a last cigar, and bed.

Yet Jason Clegg tossed uneasily on his period bed in his period-decorated chamber of his Fishkill Square home. Was it a bad conscience or that last cigar? He was too annoyed to debate the question, and he lay just wide enough awake to know that he was not sleeping, while he hated the world.

Then it was that Kewpie, alias Baby, alias Sweetums, alias Mama's Boy, roused from leaden stupor by pains that would not be denied, staggered drunkenly through the open window of Sam McCann's flat and thus to the fire escape balcony, better there to ponder the woes of internal revolution.

The bright October moon shone full on Kewpie and Kewpie stared back upon it from red-rimmed eyes that burned with hate. Kewpie elevated a feverish black button of a nose toward the moon; Kewpie stretched to its widest a useless pink-lined mouth. Quivers shook the obese form of Mama's Boy, spasmodic, nervous twitches, premonitory to soul-searching woe that struggled to give tongue.

And the air of night was split by Kewpie's keening, shrill-pitched as the voice of dry pencil on dry slate, yet voluminous too, telling in long-drawn eloquence all the pent-up hatred, all the misbegotten spite of one useless over-pampered, over-fed, small dog.

**J**ASON CLEGG scowled at his morning coffee, scowled at the maid who served it, scowled at his chauffeur, and met his private secretary in the big offices far downtown with a black look.

The wide, square face of Cement King Clegg was white, and the eyes showed dark circles and sharp wrinkles for all his careful toilet.

"Didn't sleep a wink," Clegg growled to his secretary. "A damn dog howled all night. And when I did drop off it was time to get up. Couldn't afford to miss this morning's meeting."

Matters of great moment were to be fixed between Jason Clegg and the heads of a dozen cement manufacturing concerns under his domination. The great question was the new price. Should it go up again?

Jason Clegg, frowning his grimmest in the effort to attend to all that was said, heard the opinions of his *confères*. When all was discussed and done it was his part to cast the die.

The group of influential men fixed their eyes on the big fellow. Would the market stand another advance? Only Clegg knew, Cement King Clegg who never guessed wrong. What he advised, they would do without question, for Clegg ruled.

Jason Clegg strove hard to think clearly. He tried to review the mass of data, market reports and expert opinions gathered for his guidance. His decision involved his own millions as well as the fortunes of these others.

Then while they waited a surface car in the street below swung round a curve and its wheels, dragging along ungreased rails, sent up a metallic howl like the cry of some damned soul. Cement King Clegg, the sleepless, jumped in his chair; involuntarily his lips echoed the discord.

The shudder passed and left him shaken and ashamed. To hide that shame he smote the table quickly. "Raise it!" he rasped. "Raise it! Raise it! Put it up a dollar!"

Those nearest him were a bit startled but certain they could not have heard right, when he added half audibly, "Damn that dog!"

**I**N the office of Cement King Clegg existed a situation not altogether foreign in business. Not a quarter of an hour after Clegg and his associates reached their decision Marc Black, a building contractor, was listening to a telephonic communication from one of Clegg's employees which caused him to speedily revise his estimate on the cost of the new Angora Woolen Mills building. Like the price of cement, the price went up.

Before noon the Angora corporation had done a little revising on its own account. By the time Jason Clegg was scowling morbidly at what the club waiter had brought him for lunch and wondering if, after all, there was anything to what that damn-fool, high-priced specialist had tried to warn him as to overwork, word was winging through the wholesale district that wool was up and going higher.

Saul Blum, head of the Blum chain stores, interrupted his afternoon reluctantly to admit Mrs. Blum. When his wife ran in on him this way he knew what was coming.

(Concluded on page 106)



# Things As I Saw Them in South America

## II. The City of Kings

By HARRY L. FOSTER

**L**IMA, the capital of Peru, ever since its founding by the conqueror, Pizarro, has enjoyed the flowery title of "The City of the Kings."

As I first strolled up the narrow Spanish side-walks of the old city, trying to look prosperous despite the two cents in my pocket, I collided frequently with the perfumed and corseted princes of the modern generation. It was the result of Peruvian politeness, for the Peruvian is so attentive and courteous to his companions that every time he bows to one, he sticks his cane accidentally into some other pedestrian's eye.

Also, it happened to be late afternoon, when the entire population comes out in glorious raiment for a stroll. A Peruvian family usually numbers about ten persons, and when they stroll, they insist on walking abreast. The six-foot-wide sidewalks of Lima were never intended for twenty-foot families. I had not yet learned the trick of making my way through the crowd. It consists in smoking a cigarette in a long holder and cocking it at such an angle that it will poke the other fellow in the face unless he steps aside.

Furthermore, I felt self-conscious. No matter how the

**T**HIS is the second of Mr. Foster's entertaining and informative articles. He has traveled in most of the countries of South America, not as the tourist travels, but as an investigator and journalist, going to the root of things, living among the people, working with them, and telling the facts about them without bias or prejudice.

He looked at me sharply. A tropical tramp himself, despite the fact that he usually commanded a large salary, he had probably been stranded himself on more than one occasion, and understood.

"You'll be my guest until you're on your feet," he said.

I protested.

"No arguments, now, young fellow. I'm only doing what other 'tramps' have done for me. When you've got money and you meet another American that's hungry, you can pass it on."

It was my first experience with the traditions of the road in South America. The informal fraternity of tropical tramps who drift from country to country in search of new scenes and new adventures, includes any one from college graduate to illiterate, provided only that he possess the common failing of wanderlust and the common virtue of helping a fellow T. T. in distress.

Judson insisted on leading me to the best hotel. Lima has just begun to develop from an old Moorish town into a modern city, and the best hotel is only a comparative term. Two Americans had come down with the intention of putting up a really first-class hostelry, but petty red tape in getting a concession from the city authorities had finally disgusted them and they had given up the project.

An illuminating story is told of the present leading hotel. An American who had secured a room with bath at double the usual rate discovered that the water system would not work. He went down to the desk and complained.

"No," the clerk admitted. "After we put the tub in there, we found that the city's water pressure was not sufficient to pump water to the third floor."

"That's all right," protested the American. "But you call it a room with bath, and you charge me double for the bath."

"Certainly," said the clerk. "Look at our trouble and expense in putting the tub in there."

**T**HE next day Judson took me to the office of the Cerro de Pasco Copper Corporation, the largest American concern in Peru. Although in Panama I had secured a position without difficulty, every one I had met assured me that this was quite exceptional, and warned me that employers in South America would be suspicious of men who just drifted in looking for work.

An employee in the outer office, from his appearance a "contract man," shook his head doubtfully.

"You say you're just seeing the world and want to go up in the mining camps for a few months? I believe we do need office men on the Hill, but I don't think there's a chance for you."

He ushered me into the office of the manager, who regarded me without enthusiasm as I regaled him with an exhaustive enumeration of my many good qualities.

"Do you ever touch liquor?" he asked sharply.

"Yes, sir."

"Eh, what's that? I don't believe I heard you correctly."



PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

Most Latin-American countries have abolished the cruel bullfight, but in Peru it still survives.

adventure-seeker may thrill at the first experience of finding himself penniless in a foreign city, his American blood is apt to make him feel just a trifle too aware of the fact that he is unemployed and useless to the community. Although I was as well dressed as the young bloods through whom I pushed my way, I felt uncomfortable.

The truth was that unemployment and uselessness are the two unailing marks of aristocracy in Lima. The early conquerors, who found in Peru a land of riches, peopled by a race of docile Indians who could easily be bullied into doing whatever work was necessary, have passed their traditions down to their modern descendants. Today, when Anglo-Saxon engineers and promoters are pouring into the country, only too eager to develop its riches, the Peruvian heir takes life easy in the capital. If he is so fortunate as to hold political office, he wears fine feathers. If he is not so fortunate, he wears fine feathers anyhow, and waits for the happy day when a revolution may put him in office.

Although qualified by unemployment to be an aristocrat, my lack of a political sinecure or prospects of one became more and more apparent as dinner-time approached. Finally reaching the plaza, I stood on a corner and twiddled my cane, and wondered where one could buy a good meal for two cents.

"Hello, young fellow," said a voice in English. "What hotel are you stopping at?"

I turned to see Judson, a mining engineer, who had been on board my steamer, and who, in his more sober moments, had sometimes walked back to the steerage deck for a chat.

"Why, I haven't stopped at any yet. I can't make up my mind whether to go to the Ritz or the Biltmore."

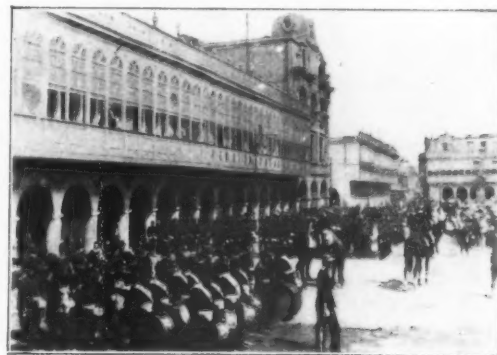


PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

A battalion of Peruvian troops makes a brave showing in the beautiful sunlit plaza in Lima.

He leaned forward, his brow wrinkled in a puzzled frown. "I want you to repeat that answer, speaking loudly and distinctly."

It was too late to change it. I looked him in the eye like George Washington.

"Yes, sir."

He pressed a button, and the contract man entered.

"George, give this man a letter of introduction and a pass on the railroad." Then to me: "Take Monday's train, and report to Clark at the Smelter. Good day and good luck to you."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted.

"Is drinking the principal qualification?"

"No. Decidedly not. The young fools up there drink entirely too much. Up in the high altitudes, drink will kill a man. I hired you because you're the first applicant that ever answered my question truthfully."

JUDSON was as pleased as I was.

"You can't go up there in a Palm Beach suit. Even if the cold didn't kill you, the miners would. We'll go shopping, and you can fix it up when you get your pay check."

There are plenty of stores in Lima. The middle-class Latin American is by nature and disposition a retail shopkeeper. His racial jealousy and distrust of his fellow workers make impossible that team-work which is essential to large industries. Nearly every Peruvian between the land-owning political class and the Indian laboring class is a retail merchant.

After looking over a multitude of shops, Judson and I entered the one with the most promising window display.

"Have you any khaki shirts?" inquired Judson.

The clerk, who was staring out of the window at some passing señorita,



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In place of the usual switch-engine, ox teams are employed by the extremely easy-going Peruvians in the transportation of heavy materials for short hauls.

shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"No, señor," he replied absent-mindedly.

Judson, having spent several years in Peru, waited until the disappearance of the girl around the corner left the clerk free to attend to customers.

"Khaki shirts," he repeated.

"Ah, yes, señor."

"How much are they?"

"Twenty soles, señor."

Judson looked at the price tag.

"It says fifteen soles."

"Yes, fifteen soles, señor."

He did not ask whether we wished anything else. In fact, he appeared rather annoyed upon learning that we did. Whereas most of us, when we draw a salary, feel that it is our duty to make some pretense toward earning it, a great many Latin-Americans feel no such responsibility. Some years ago an American doctor who came down from Washington for the Peruvian Government to sanitate a city in the interior was much annoyed at being detained in Lima by some trivial red tape.

"Look here," he said to the president, "I'm only wasting time. I want to get busy and clean up that city."

The president was both surprised and offended.

"Why, my dear Doctor," he protested, "Are we not paying you your salary regularly? Yes? Then, why worry about the work?"

**B**ACK in the lobby of our hotel I ran across my steerable companion, the bull-fighter. "Amigo mio," he cried, embracing me. "Tomorrow you shall come to the Plaza de Torres to see me kill the bull."

Most Latin-American countries have abolished the bull-fight, but in Peru it still survives. In the height of the season, the best matadors from Spain are imported at tremendous prices to perform in Lima, and crowds seek admittance. Now, however, it was only the beginning of the season, and only an inferior sort of performance could be expected. Judson refused indignantly to attend it.

On Sunday afternoon, however, I walked out through the narrow streets of the poorer neighborhoods, and crossed the river to the big circular arena. In the height of the season society attends the event, but now the spectators were largely of the lower classes.

After some delay a trumpet sounded, and a procession of bandy-legged gentlemen in gaudy knee-breeches, with red cloaks over the arm, entered and paraded around the enclosure, led by my friend, who was hailed by his professional name of "Americano," and who was now resplendent in red and gold.

Finally another trumpet sounded, and the door of the bull pen was thrown open to admit the first victim. It was an undersized, half-grown black bull. It emerged timidly, stared in a bewildered way at the gaudy cloaks, and then trotted around the inclosing wall, seeking an exit, while the spectators roared the Spanish equivalent of "Take him out!" At the mid-season fights, a bull which refuses to charge is immediately withdrawn and replaced by another, but at the cheaper spectacles, substitutes are apt to be lacking. The slaying of a powerful and ferocious animal by a clever and graceful matador, no matter how it may shock Anglo-Saxon sensibilities, is sometimes a thrilling sight; the butchery of a half-grown calf is disgusting. In this case, the fighters chased the panic-stricken animal about the ring. To drive the sword home according to Hoyle, the matador must catch the bull while it is charging upon him. Far from charging, this little bull would kick up its heels and run. They finally slew it, but only after a dozen misplaced thrusts had left it weakened and staggering.

Of the six animals sacrificed that afternoon only one showed fight. It was a big rangy brute, with a powerful spread of horn, and its entrance into the arena with red eyes and snorting nostrils sent several of the fighters scrambling to safety over the barrier.

It happened to be the one "Americano" was slated to kill.

He stepped out first to give his exhibition of dodging. As it rushed at his brilliant cloak, he led it around and around himself in a circle, without once moving from his tracks, and when the brute finally stopped in bewilderment at its failure to hit anything, he calmly knelt before it, and lighted a cigarette.

Then he arose, carelessly turned his back to the animal, and walked away. It was a remarkable exhibition of real nerve, and the crowd applauded wildly. An attendant handed him a pair of tinselled darts, and he returned to the arena. As the bull rushed at him, he leaned quickly over the threatening horns, inserted the goads into its shoulders, and side-stepped just in time. Another shout arose from the stands.



Here, under the shadow of the great cathedral in Lima, the people gather in the evening to flirt and gossip.

So far "Americano" had been performing feats in which he had already had practice during several years of apprenticeship in his profession. But when he came out with a long silver rapier for the final thrust, he was making his first appearance as a matador. The thrust is difficult. To strike the proper spot on the shoulder, the matador must lean over the charging horns until they almost touch his own stomach. "Americano's" lack of practice was apparent. Several times he tried and failed. The spectators who had thrown their hats into the ring in appreciation of his earlier feats began to deride him. Personally, I admired his courage. Three times the bull knocked him down and trampled him into the sand, being prevented from killing him only by the flaunting of cloaks in the hands of the other men. And at last, when he finally succeeded, he walked from the ring with only scant applause.

**M**ORALISTS who condemn the Latin for the cruelty and cowardice of the bull-fight seem to me to miss one of the really dominant characteristics which the spectators display at these affairs—an inclination to enjoy sitting on the side-lines and watching others work and take risks.

A writer can say many unkind things about our southern neighbors unless, like those who seek in our trade journals to promote better commercial relations, he confines himself only to flattery. Personally I like the Latin. His hospitality, which is sometimes criticized as insincere, I have found to be much greater than our own. Even his faults, such as indolence, love of pleasure, and inclination to let others do his work, should be welcomed by all of us, for it is these faults which give Americans their opportunities in South America.

Peru offers many opportunities. Back of its desert coast, the mighty range of the Andes contains gold, silver, and copper. Beyond the mountains, luxuriant tropical forests full of rare woods stretch in unbroken profusion to the Amazon. Even the barren Pacific Coast, where irrigation is possible, blossoms with cotton and sugar-cane, and on the seemingly worthless desert the sea birds come, like representatives of a kindly



The small boy of Lima is no different from his kind the world over when the military band comes down the street.

providence, to leave unsightly but valuable deposits of guano.

The Peruvian, like all Latin-Americans, openly admits his faults and his lack of aptitude for the development of these riches, and welcomes the American promoter. Nearly everything in Peru is being developed by Anglo-Saxons. An American corporation operates the principal mines in the Andes. A British corporation runs the railroads. The same British corporation also harvests the guano of the coastal region, owns the largest coffee plantations, and even collects the taxes for the government. An American sanitary commission is eradicating the yellow fever and bubonic plague from the seaports. An American company is working the principal oil-fields. Another American company, at the present writing, has a contract with the government to rebuild and pave the thirty leading cities. The largest irrigation project is in the hands of Americans. If these foreign companies were to stop working, the whole economic structure of the republic would topple and collapse.

I have heard Lima described as "The city of the parasites." It is true that the Peruvian aristocrat, with his heritage of wealth and his tradition that a gentleman shall not work, may answer the description, but it is not so many centuries ago that our own ancestors in England had the same ideas. If we are business men, we can be thankful that the Peruvians still retain them.

**O**NE day a Peruvian friend came to me in great excitement, waving a newspaper.

"Señor," he cried, "there is a revolution in the United States."

"What do you mean?"

He showed me the paper. It contained a brief account of the Republican Convention in Chicago, in which Senator Lodge said several uncomplimentary things about President Wilson.

"You see," exclaimed the Peruvian, "the President's enemies openly attack him. Is the army disloyal? Why do they not suppress the demonstration?"

I explained to him that in the United States it is any citizen's privilege to abuse the Chief Executive to his heart's content, that no effort is made either by the army or by the President himself to check such demonstrations, and that the Republican Party would wait patiently until March 4th instead of descending in a body upon the White House and forcibly ejecting Mr. Wilson.

He smiled in polite incredulity. "What funny people!" he laughed.

His own president had gained office by the more simple expedient of first winning the good-will of the army, then walking into the official palace to hand the former incumbent a ticket on the first steamer out of town.

Writers are telling us every day in the trade journals that South America has passed the comic-opera stage in its history. It hasn't. Duels and revolutions have diminished, but they still appear occasionally, and while both are apt to be equally harmless, the revolutions sometimes cause considerable worry to American concession-holders down there.

As one old-timer told me: "To do anything at all down here, you've got to keep in with the government. It's not hard to do that, only it's an awful problem to know what government to keep in with. For several months I yelled 'Viva Miguel' and now I've got to yell 'Viva Fernandez.' But it's ticklish business. The idea is to yell for Miguel just loud enough for him to hear it, but not so loud that it's going to sound funny when you suddenly change the slogan."

Although Peru is one of the most orderly countries in Latin America, and its people the least inclined to violence, I ran into considerable comic opera during my several months of newspaper work there.

One day my editor handed me a despatch from Bolivia announcing an attack by a mob upon the Peruvian Embassy.

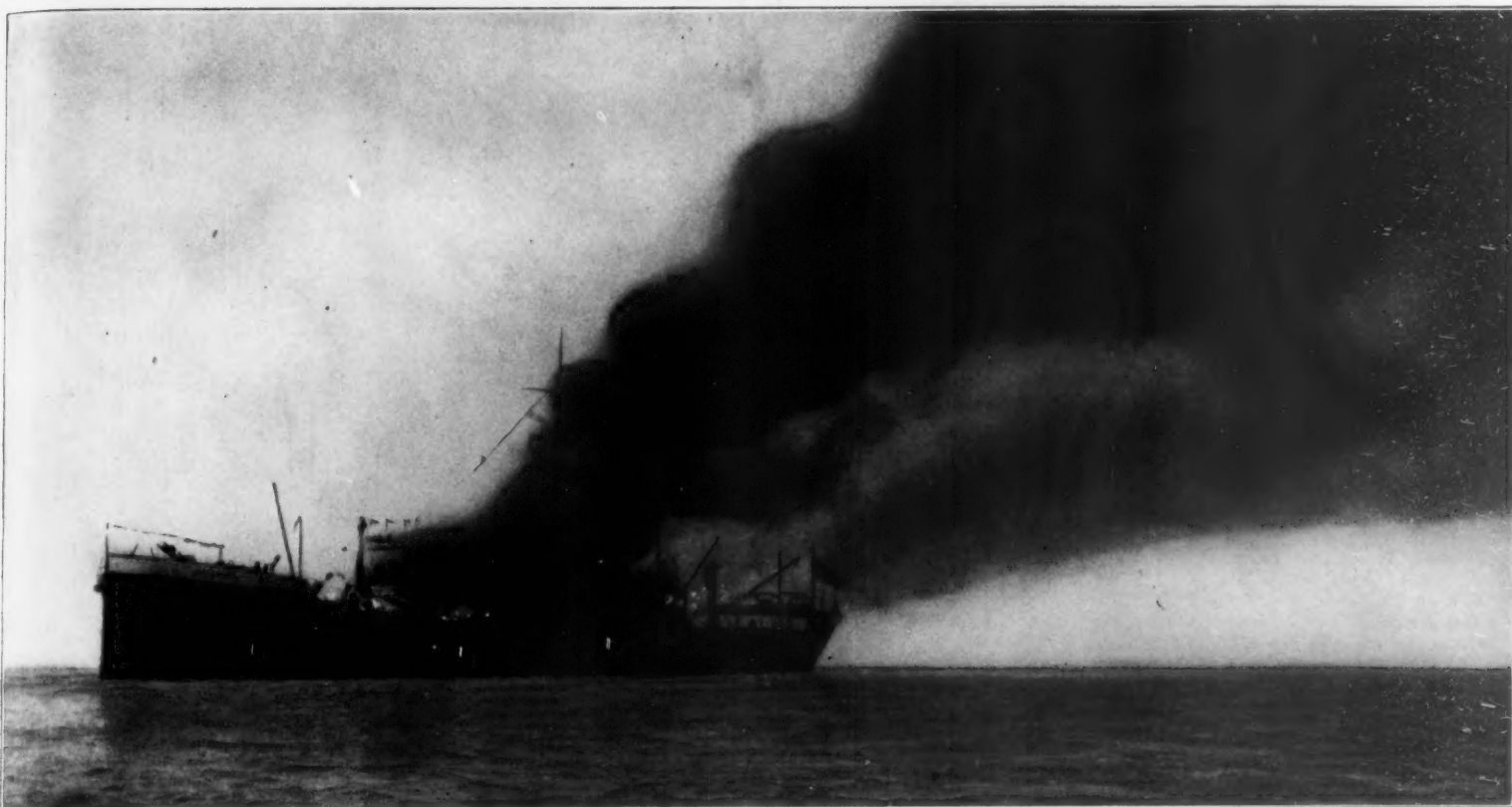
"Looks like war," he said. "Run up there and get the dope on this. Don't tell them you're working for a paper in Peru."

It was a surprising development in an old political tangle. Peru and Bolivia, as allies, had been thoroughly licked in 1879 by their more aggressive southern neighbor, Chile. From Bolivia Chile had taken the rich nitrate fields of Antofagasta, leaving the Bolivians bottled up in the Andes without a seaport. From Peru, Chile had taken the desert of Tacna-Arica, with the understanding that after ten years of Chilean rule, the inhabitants of the desert might decide by vote whether they would become a permanent part of Chile or return to Peru. The tangle is still unraveled.

Next week another instalment of Mr. Foster's South American observations will be published in LESLIE'S.



# PICTORIAL DIGEST OF THE WORLD'S NEWS



When \$500,000 Went Up in Smoke

**T**HE escape of this ship from total destruction constitutes one of those miracles of the sea of which we read often in fiction but which are seldom seen in real life. The vessel is the U. S. Shipping Board steamer *West Eagle*. While off

Montevideo, Uruguay, spontaneous combustion caused a fire in her coal bunkers. For a time it seemed as though nothing could save her. However, her undaunted officers finally controlled the flames. \$500,000 worth of cargo was destroyed.

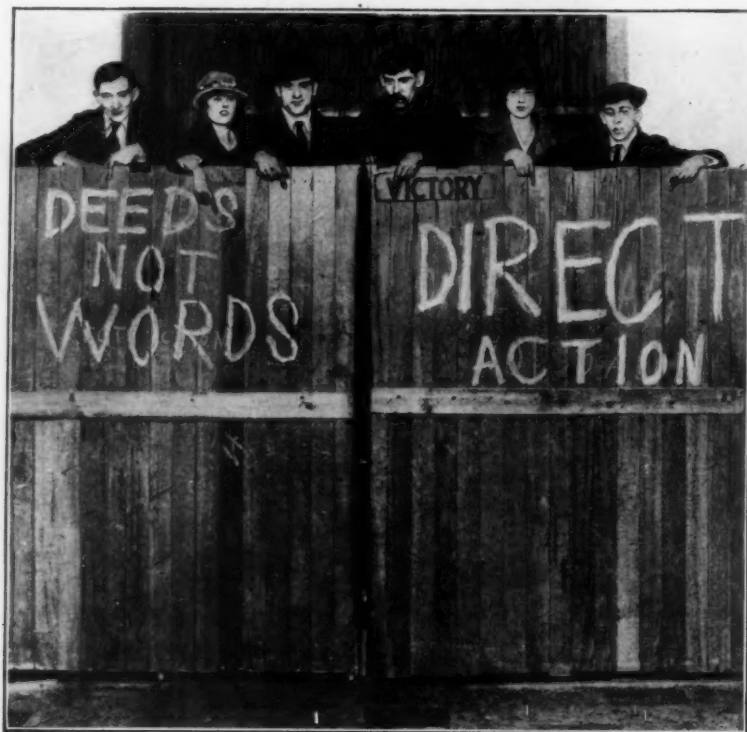


England's Latest and Greatest Fighting Machine

**M**ANY submersibles like this may participate in the next great naval fracas. Certain it is that if a British fleet is involved a number of them will be on hand, for England has turned out several of late. Among other things, the British

naval experts during the war learned that well-handled "subs" really are a tremendous asset to a fleet, and that rifles of large calibre bring victory. This is a somewhat freakish British submarine (the M-1) that carries a huge 13-inch gun.

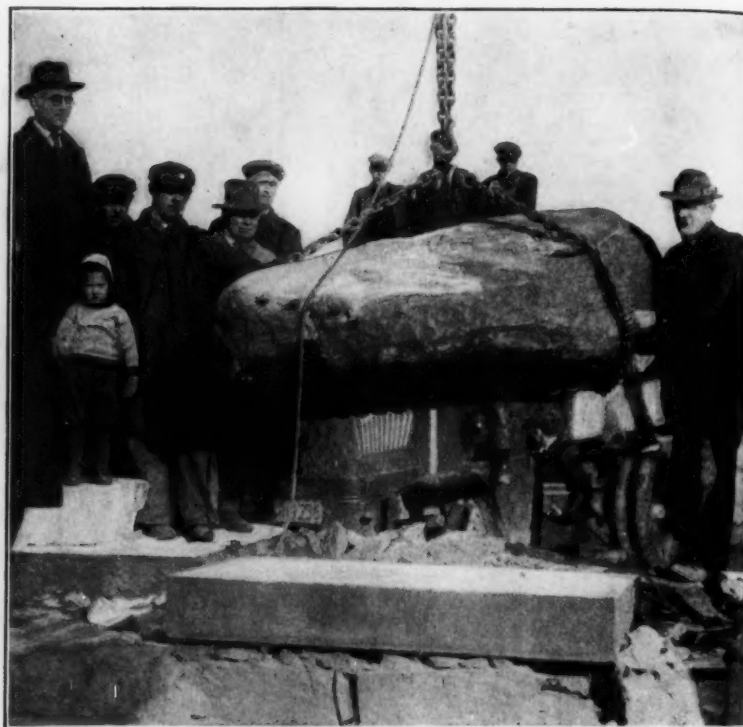
# Pictorial Digest of the World's News



HAROLD G. HARRIS

*A Fort That Was Taken with Words*

**B**ARRICADED in the library building, which they seized as a protest against "existent conditions," belligerent members of the Unemployed Relief Committee of Islington, London, hurl defiance at the city fathers. Tact—a good deal of it—had to be employed before the "fort" was evacuated.



UNDERWOOD

*Moving Day for a Famous Landmark*

**H**ERE is at least one move that was not caused by a profiteering landlord! The large stone is Plymouth Rock. After being domiciled for many years in a nearby spot it was carefully lifted the other day as shown here, and, in the presence of many notables, placed upon a new and permanent foundation.



WIDE WORLD

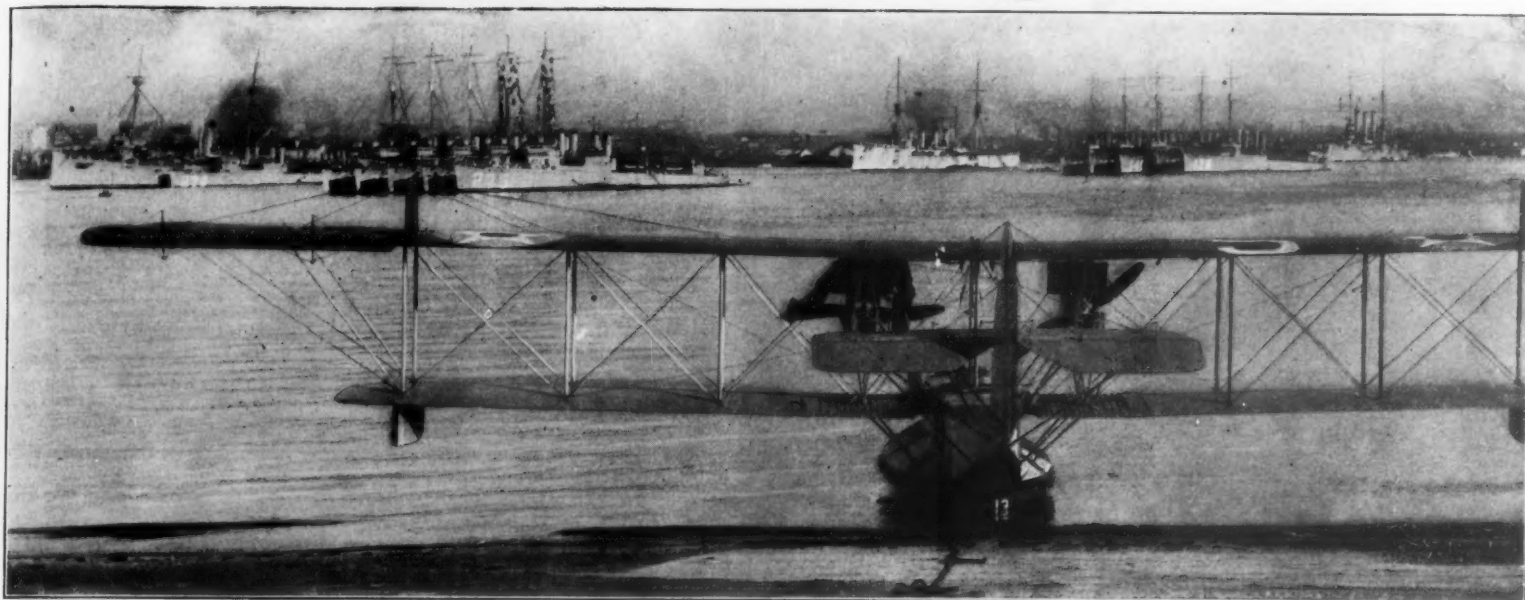
*What a Hunter in the Wilderness Brought Down with His Long-Range Camera*

**H**ERE we have some elephants—dangerous giants snapped in the heart of the African wilds as they drink their fill from a mysterious stream that flows silently through the jungle. At least that is what the average reader will probably

surmise before he reads this caption. In reality the great brutes are not in the "Dark Continent" at all but about forty-five minutes from Broadway, New York, where daily, as performers at the Hippodrome, they delight audiences.



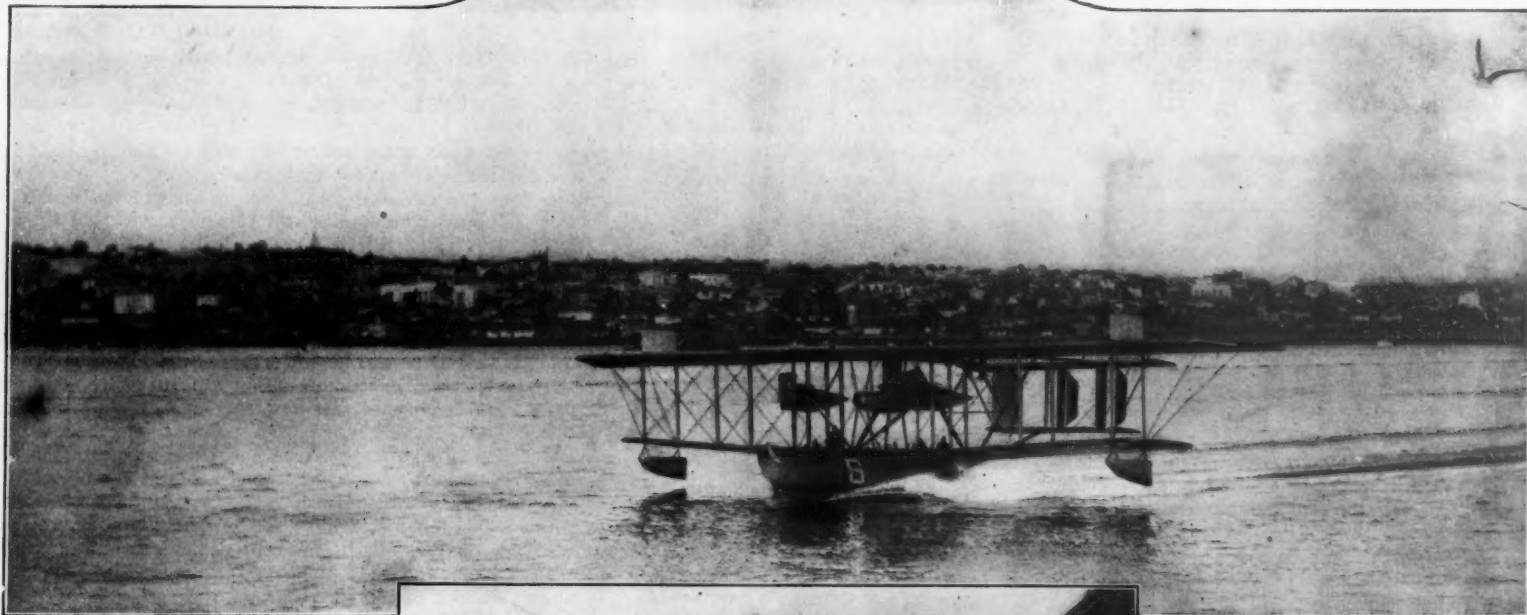
# The Camera's Record of Notable Events



*A Long-Distance Flight*

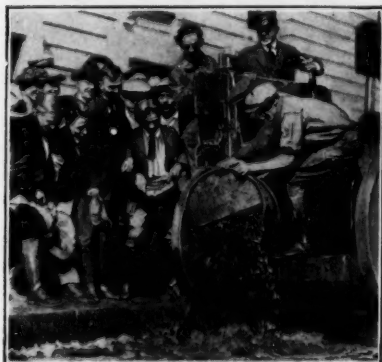
**S**HORTLY after this picture was snapped the giant seaplane in the foreground—one of the F-5-L type—and

thirteen other flying craft at the San Diego naval air station "hopped off" on a 3000-mile flight to Balboa, C. Z. The long distance was successfully negotiated.



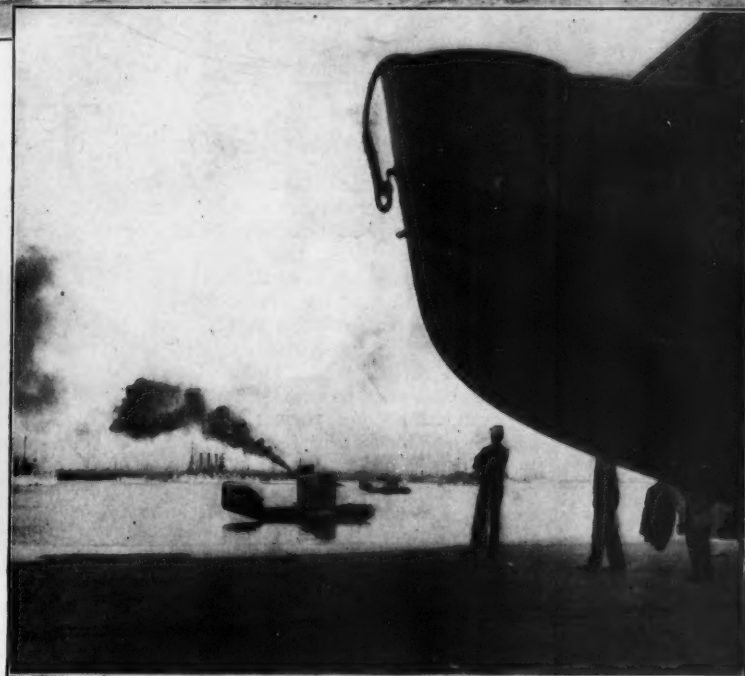
*Just Before the Start*

**W**ARMING up at San Diego. The coast further south was very different from the background of this picture. Supply ships had to be sent ahead to help these flyers.



*Booze Flows Like Water!*

**E**NOUGH whiskey to make a regiment drunk being poured into the streets of Los Angeles. A dozen policemen watched the crowd.



*Some Prow, Isn't It?*

**T**HIS prow (at the left) belongs to the NC-5, which, carrying five passengers, on the first lap of the trip made 702 miles in 9 hours and 15 minutes—an American record.



*Good Work, Uncle Sam!*

**S**AVING 560,000 fish, landlocked in a tiny pond near the Mississippi. Seines were used, and the survivors put back into the river.

# EDITORIAL

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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MANAGING EDITOR

FOR AMERICAN PROGRESS, AMERICAN IDEALS, AMERICAN SUPREMACY.

## Our Domestic Problems

IT is idle to expect the New Administration to legislate everybody into the millennium. There are some things that legislation can do. We suppose that these are the things that Mr. Harding's government will try to put across. That is what he was elected to do and what he is now studying how to do.

But the real "Domestic Problem" for our country or any country lies far outside the reach of legislation. It is embedded in the character of the individual citizen and must be worked out there if it is to be solved at all.

Without advancing any special "counsel of perfection" it may be stated as sober fact that the people of these United States now possess enough of natural resource, intelligence, capital and machinery to create for themselves a civilization capable of satisfying every legitimate human need. And, further, it is merely axiomatic to say that at the present moment we seem to be as far away from the attainment of this ideal condition as ever in our history.

This discouraging difference between what we are and what we ought to be constitutes our real "Domestic Problem."

The situation seems to be the result of an excess of personal selfishness and stupidity. Every one wants to pluck the fruit without planting the tree. And, blinded by this selfish passion, the individual deludes himself into believing that the thing can be done.

The capitalist puts half a dozen business organizations into his hat; has a lawyer stir them around a bit; gets some government to issue an alias in the form of a new charter, and presto! he lifts out something that is supposed to be ten times as valuable as the sum of what he put in.

The workingman hitches up with his fellows; hires a professional deliverer, and starts out to achieve happiness for himself and his "class," by cutting down his production and increasing his wages at the one and the same time.

Countless regiments of females disguise themselves in costly raiment, in many cases far beyond what they can afford, and then embrace the fond delusion that they have become "ladies."

As the expenditures for harmful and needless luxuries increases, the burden upon production of real necessities grows apace. For industry and thrift have not only to pay their own way, but they must support an army of parasites as well.

Apart from a great spontaneous moral awakening such as has, more than once, swept over the world like a tidal wave when things had become too rotten to longer endure, there is little that can be done except to wait for the inevitable results. By careful attention to the matter the spendthrift soon gets to the bottom of the purse provided for him by the toil of other people. Since we have permitted our social organization to be turned upside down, putting the wise and workers underneath and the fools and idle on top, there seems to be nothing for

it but to let the fools ride us until our strength gives out.

Then everyone will have to work or starve. Which, after all, is not so bad a thing when you come to think of it in the light of economic and moral law.

## Know Your Own Country

EUROPEAN countries have sold the scenic wonders of the European Continent to the rest of the world by years of clever and persistent advertising. All the world knows the glory of the Niagara Falls, but it is not generally recognized that America contains other natural marvels and beautiful regions equalled in no other part of the globe. America herself does not appreciate the beauty that is hers. The only way to convince our own people, as well as the rest of the world, that America is the tourists' paradise is to advertise what we have.

It is not enough for transportation lines to do this; every section of the country ought to have a publicity organization for its section. The Pacific Northwest is to be congratulated on the co-operative advertising it has been pushing for the last three years. The States of Oregon and Washington and the Province of British Columbia have formed the Pacific Northwestern Tourist Association to acquaint the public with the beauties of that section of the United States and Canada. It is to be noted that this is not an organization of railroads and hotels, but a movement financed by the public funds of these two States and the Canadian province. As a piece of international co-operation it is interesting.

Other sections of the country with special features they would like to place before the traveling public might well get together in similar organizations. Such methods of boosting America deserve editorial support and co-operation.

## Appreciation for What We Have

THAT part of the present business depression which is psychological should be corrected as speedily as possible. Agents of Guggenheim Brothers, the copper magnates, who studied the industrial situation throughout the country, found that the pessimism of the East had not permeated into the West, "except among those few people more or less closely connected with Wall Street." Mr. Daniel Guggenheim's advice to business men is to forget the ticker temporarily and to put all their thought upon developing their own business by lowering costs and increasing efficiency. A few months of such concentration and work and our industries will be back to a high level. The condition of mind into which some have fallen cannot alter the fact that fundamentally the affairs of the nation are on a sound basis. Depression can't last long in a nation whose wealth exceeds \$250,000,000,000, which is the money center of the world, and which possesses everything that the rest of the world needs for its reconstruction. The millions who are clamoring to

come to America offer pretty good evidence that the rest of the human race still thinks of America as the land of opportunity. The same kind of appreciation on the part of a hundred million Americans will do much to restore better times.

## First Aid to Foreign Trade

THE reorganization of our diplomatic and consular service, debated for many years, should be one of the first questions to be taken up by the Harding administration. The war has brought us trade opportunities never before enjoyed. If we are to retain this advantage, and build upon it, our representatives abroad must be equipped to cope with the representatives of other nations under instruction to make the business of their countries their first interest. American exporters and chambers of commerce see the necessity of taking our foreign service out of the realm of political award and putting it upon a practical business basis. Our representatives should be better paid, and so freed from the fear of recall by changing administrations that men of the highest caliber would take this up as their life-work. Homes should be bought for our foreign representatives. Under the existing exchange rate, and the prevailing low real-estate prices abroad, such purchases can now be made at most favorable prices. The next few years will see the greatest race for markets the world has ever known. The American business man is sufficiently keen and aggressive to hold his own against the business man of any other country, but he needs the support that can only come through a top-to-bottom reorganization of our entire foreign service.

## Weakness of Profit-Sharing

THE trouble with profit-sharing plans is that while labor is always ready to accept profits, it never wants to share losses. A case in point is the action of employees of the Newbern (N. C.) Iron Works and Supply Company in repudiating a plan, which they themselves had suggested, on finding it did not work out as they had expected. When the company, under the stress of present business conditions, was compelled to make two reductions of wages, a strike was called. Later the men went back to work, the company having accepted the proposition of the men that all profits of the concern over and above operating expenses be divided among the workers. The employees were convinced in their own minds that they could run the plant profitably, but when the first pay day showed a ten per cent. loss in wages under the profit-sharing plan, they quit work with the threat to stay out till the old wage scale is restored. The result seems to be an indefinite shutting down of the plant. It is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. Employees can't expect employers to divide profits with them, if they are not willing, in case of loss, to share losses with employers.



# Those Who Go Down to the Sea—for Profit



## From a Prehistoric Fishnet

Primitive man did a good job when he invented the fishnet—so good a job that modern man has yet to find a better way to catch fish. Bringing



To have the blues, and to feel cheerful at the same time, is fisherman's luck.

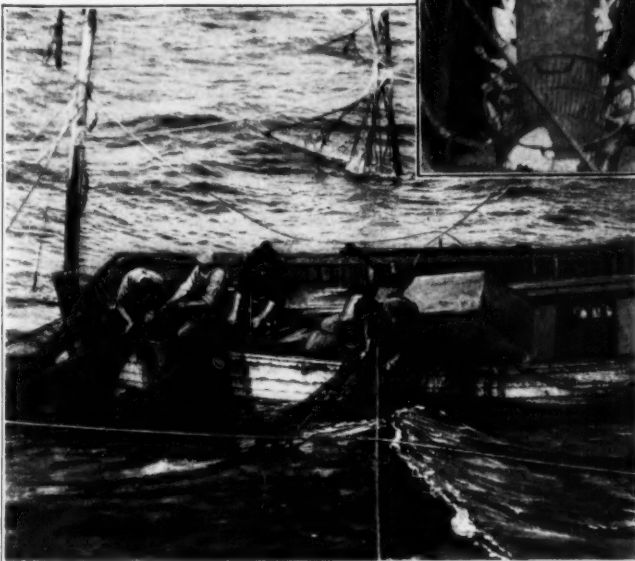


## To a \$4,000,000 Industry

nets to the sea is a picture characteristic of centuries. Yet it is ever new; and likely to be while the value of fish amounts to \$4,000,000 a year.



Most of the men who fish professionally are Scandinavians, born for the sea.



## An Item in the Day's Work Which Demands Muscle

To get this picture, the photographer perched precariously upon one of the poles. Now and then during the day, fishermen chug out in their power-boats and give the "pocket-net" a once-over and a turn-over. A weighted net is no cambric handkerchief.

## Gleaming Silver As Good as Gold

"Man marks the earth with ruin," observed Byron; "his control stops with the shore." Just as well it does, perhaps, since otherwise he might have exterminated fish the way he did the buffalo. The fish in the boat raised themselves in the North Atlantic—although it was a net that brought them up. From twenty to fifty barrels is an average day's haul from a trap. There is strength in every line of the boat.



## Something Like a College Crew in Their Shell

Here is the wharf—one of thousands—where the boats unload their catches, and where fish are packed and iced for shipment to large cities and inland points. This phase of the fish business has been developed vastly of late years. Fish are "fresh" everywhere.

## When a Man Is Not a Man

**I** PROTEST against the raw but crusty statement appearing on your page in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* of December 11, 1920, under the head 'The Big Human Need,' said statement being 'A man without religion is not a man at all.' Dr. Eaton, by what right do you thus insult a great part of your intelligent readers? According to your logic, a religious fanatic advocating the so-called 'Blue Sunday Laws' is a man; also, a murderous, fiendish Turk—for has he not religion?—is a man. But a law-abiding citizen, who has risen above the oldest of superstitions, religion, who believes in 'live and let live,' is not a man! Surely, those words are worthy of a religious fanatic, and not of the editor of a secular newspaper.

"Yours truly,  
"A READER."

Well, friend, let us talk it over.—

The said "raw but crusty statement" against which you protest was to the effect that "a man without religion is not a man at all."

I did not make that statement with any idea of "insulting a great part" or any part either of my "intelligent" or even of my non-intelligent readers. I made it because I believed it to be the truth and, in spite of the light thrown upon the matter by my spirited correspondent, I still believe it to be the truth.

So there we are right where we started.

Suppose we go back a little and ask ourselves a question or two.

### What Is a Man?

**W**HAT is a man? What distinguishes man from other animals or vegetables? It cannot be his body. That is composed of certain chemicals distributed in the form of bones, nerves, muscles and various fibers. But so is the body of a sheep or porcupine or any other vertebrate. Man has a brain, sometimes. But so has a dog or a goat. Nature is just as careless of the human body as she is of any other form of life. No matter how exquisitely beautiful or powerful the "human form divine" may be it passes through the same life cycle as the body of the rattlesnake or rat. And when life leaves it Nature breaks it up as she does all others into its component elements and redistributes them for use in some new form.

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away." The human body is of the dust and to the dust it must return like the falling leaves, or the dead grass of the field, or the humble, silent things that creep and hide in the dark places of the forest.

The workmanship of Nature in the body of man is wonderful and beautiful. But not a whit more wonderful or beautiful than the workmanship displayed in the wing of a humming-bird, or the eye of a house fly, or the color scheme of a chameleon, or the poison sac of a cobra.

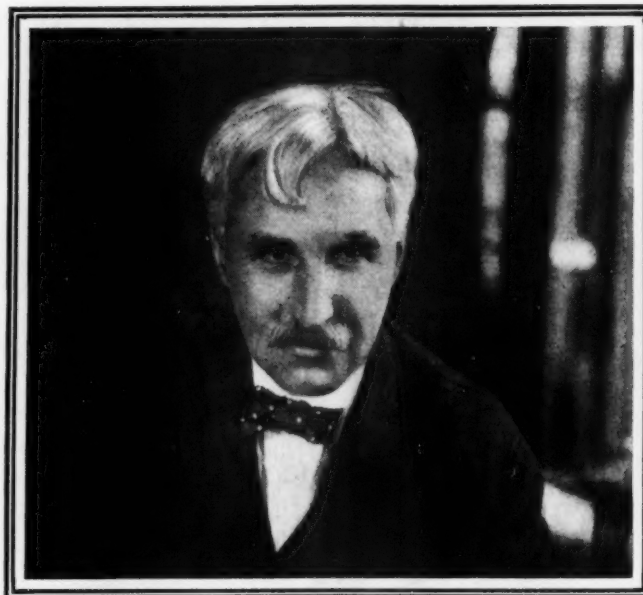
Many animals can do some things better than any man. No man, for instance, ever could swim like a fish, or fly like a swallow, or smell like a bloodhound, or see like a cat in the dark.

Why is it then that man sits upon the throne of the animal creation, undisputed in his leadership over all other forms of life? The answer is, because of his capacity for a larger relationship with the Universe than that of any other sentient being.

Man is brother of the brutes. He feels pain and hunger, and thirst as they do. He is born as they are born, and dies as they die. But his world is bigger and greater than their world because he can establish and has established wider and higher relationships than they.

Above his physical relationships stand the relationships of his mind. He goes out into the universe and discovers its laws, and applies them to his own life. His hearing is not as acute as that of many animals, but by the use of his reason expressed in knowledge, wisdom and creative skill, he has made for himself the telephone and telegraph, and thus his hearing extends around the world. He cannot see in the dark, but by the use of his intelligence he has made for himself lamps and telescopes and microscopes, thus lengthening his eyesight. He is not as strong as the lion or the elephant, but he has used his brain to build for his use engines and guns so that he can move mountains and crush the mightiest brute like a moth.

But man does not stop when he has widened his relationships by invention and discovery and reason.



Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton  
Editor of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*

## Dr. Eaton's Page

Mounting still higher in the scope and scale of relationship, he has acquired a vocabulary of great and mysterious words—God, heaven, hell, right, wrong, duty, hope, faith, love, justice, law. He builds homes upon love; and he creates societies and institutions upon justice and faith; he plucks the sunset from the sky and imprisons it upon the artist's canvas; he gathers up the harmonies of the Universe and redistills them into symphonies and songs.

The greatness of man, the humanity of man is in his capacity for highest relationships and in his constant intelligent practice of those relationships.

### An Incurable Habit

**S**INCE time began men have had the habit of setting aside some one set of relationships as the highest and most to be desired in their lives.

And this is their religion. Whatever relationship a man puts at the top in his experience, that is his religion; for religion is simply the practice of highest relationships.

Even my friend whose letter suggested these thoughts has a religion. He places something at the top to which he relates himself. He says that he has "risen above the oldest of superstitions, religion." That is, getting pretty high up. He admits that he is a "law-abiding citizen." That means that he has related himself to a moral law in a convinced and obedient spirit. He says that he "believes in live and let live." That is, he has faith in a creed. And it is not so bad a creed at that. He might be surprised, but I must tell him that it sounds a good deal like the Golden Rule. In other words, he has not abandoned or risen above religion. He has only changed the label on his religion, which is his right and privilege.

If, then, men hold their place of preeminence in creation because of their capacity for larger relationships beyond

other beings, and if they invariably put some certain relationship as the highest good for them, so that this becomes their religion, it follows that a man who lacks this capacity for highest relationships, or who refuses absolutely to practice it, is abnormal, or rather subnormal. He is not a man at all. He is, or tries to become, an animal.

As to the "fiendish Turk." He has no friends in this office. His trouble is that he has picked the wrong thing as the highest relationship in his life.

The "religious fanatic" advocating the "so-called Sunday Blue Laws" is not such a bad sort of a chap when you know him. He won't harm the country nearly so much by advocating a decent observance of Sunday as he would were he advocating saloons and free love, and the dictatorship of the Proletariat. Besides, it must not be forgotten that the original discoverer of the "so-called Sunday Blue Laws" was a rather sizable person, and it would strain most of us today to measure up to his standard.

All of which is respectfully submitted to the gentleman who signs himself "A Reader," and he is invited to come again.

### Greatness in New York

**T**HERE recently died in New York City two men who had been much in the public eye.

One was the honored Bishop of a great Christian Church, a man of fine mind and character, and unusually gifted in business administration. Bishop Burch spent his life in unselfish service of his fellow men. His ambition was to conserve the best in society; to eliminate the worst, and to strengthen those forces which tend to make the individual free and strong and good.

The other man was the product of the underworld. He was shot to death by some assassin, as ruthless and lawless as himself. His end was the logical, almost the necessary, result of his mode of living.

The Metropolitan Press gave many times as much space to the death of the East Side gangster as it did to that of the good bishop. Why?

Was it because gangsters are more interesting than bishops or more valuable to the community?

Is useful, honorable manhood, dedicated to a life-long ministry of social and personal service, of less moment than mental and moral degeneracy expressed in a short lifetime of violence, brutality and crime?

Perhaps the underworld has a larger reading constituency than has the upper world of sanity.

The late, lamented Mr. Eastman was probably a case of arrested development. He had a child's mind in a man's body. He was a moral imbecile.

If there had been any proper machinery for dealing with such cases when his lawlessness first began to be a nuisance to his neighbors, he would have been taken in hand by the State and trained to do an honest day's work. His record as a soldier shows what might have been done with him and men like him.

Of course the great Eastman, weeding onions or picking oakum under the eye of a public guardian, would not have made so thrilling a figure as did the gunman swaggering among his cowed but admiring coterie of fellow imbeciles in the dives of New York. But he would have been of some use to society and the rest of us might well have acquired our thrills from other sources.

### The Empire of the Air

**N**O tale of the Arabian Nights can equal in adventurous romance the story of the three American aviators who made the thrilling trip from New York to Hudson's Bay in a balloon; came down near the only human habitation in a vast and frozen wilderness; and returned to civilization by dog-sled after the most approved fashion of arctic explorers.

This adventure was part of the schooling by which men are fitting themselves for a final conquest of the air in the interests of trade, travel and pleasure.

It took thousands of years after the invention of the wheel before science made it possible to master distance on land by steam, electricity and gasoline.

Millenniums rolled by after men discovered that wood will carry an additional weight in water, before the ocean liner changed the sea from an impassable barrier into a bond of union between continents.

Only yesterday science made it possible for men to tackle the art of flying. In one generation they will have mastered a mode of locomotion which has always been looked upon as a monopoly of birds and angels.

Surely "the world do move."

### The Immutable Law

**W**ISHING can never become a substitute for work.

Behind every dollar of value in the world lies a process. Nothing ever happens. Everything that is was created by intelligent effort.

There can be no harvest unless somebody tills and plants.

Knowledge must be earned by study.

Life is governed by changeless laws from whose authority there is no possible escape.



# Judge Landis, the Moses of Baseball

By EDWIN A. GOEWEY

**W**HAT kind of a man is Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the famous Chicago jurist and thirty-third degree fan, who recently was selected as the supreme baseball authority in this country for a period of at least seven years at a salary of \$50,000 per annum? That is the question being asked by the mighty army of rooters which has been supporting the national pastime and to whom more than a hint has been given that the new leader is possessed of every qualification necessary to serve as the Moses of the baseball world and guide the greatest of all pastimes from the wilderness of uncertainty and suspicion into which it was led by those who practiced peanut politics and permitted a lust for money to supplant the ethics of true sportsmanship.

The consensus of opinion of those who have known Judge Landis for many years is that he is a genuine "he" man; one of determination and possessed of a reliable wallop. And this is well, for any other would fail in the task of regenerating baseball. In recent years the major league pastime has become too prosperous, its commercial side has dwarfed its element of sport, and in the wake of an abundance of real money has come a continuous struggle for business advantages by the leagues and the team owners. This struggle for the dollar has been the root of the many evils which have fallen upon the nation's sport, for the spirit of "grab" finally extended to the players, many of whom never handled any real money in their lives until they began playing professional ball, and who succumbed to the temptation to accumulate "theirs."

When eight teams in the National League and three in the American finally joined forces, convinced that the fans no longer would stand for the brand of baseball which flourished under the National Commission, and compelled the selection of Judge Landis as the final "say-so" as far as the big time game was concerned, the newspapers began to bestow upon him all manner of unsought titles, and we read such extravagant headlines as: "Landis Becomes Czar of Baseball," "Baseball's New Dictator is Landis" and "Landis Chosen New Baseball King."

Rubbish, of course, and Judge Landis wiped the slate clean and set himself right by announcing that his title was "commissioner," without prefixes or trimmings. This declaration for simplicity rather surprised some of the team owners, who thought that the stipend of \$50,000 a year should carry with it at least as high-sounding a title as that of the second door-tender in some two-by-four secret order; but they received still another jolt when the able jurist came to New York city to sit in with the representatives of the National American and minor leagues to begin the task of working out a new constitution to take the place of the old National Agreement.

As had been the custom in the past, the baseball moguls attempted to surround themselves and their doings with a lot of small-time mystery by placing guards at the doors to keep the newspaper men at a distance. After



The man to whom organized baseball has turned in its hour of need

the meeting Judge Landis, who is willing to admit that baseball has been built up and kept alive largely through the efforts of the public prints, invited the sport writers to join him in a bit o' tea and toast and chatted freely of what had transpired in the inner shrine. The magnates gulped as they saw the tinsel stripped from their shoulders, but the Judge let it be understood by his action that the days of backstair methods are over.

To those who play the game of life straight, the new supreme authority in baseball is kindly and gentle-spoken, easy-going in manner, with a ready smile and a willingness to play or take a joke. His head is crowned with a shock of gray hair which enhances his appearance as a "wise and venerable judge." But if some of those who are supposed to give him loyal and continued support try to double-cross him—a not impossible circumstance when the baseball past is considered—they will find that he can assume sufficient of the attributes of a czar to either force obedience or place the brand of "four-flushing" upon the offenders.

Those who have followed his judicial career for years pronounce him fairness itself, and he administers the law as he interprets it, without fear or favor. On one occasion he fined the Standard Oil Company \$20,000,000, which brought approval from certain persons, and then he brought smiles in other quarters by sending "Big Bill" Hayward and a considerable collection of I. W. W.'s to prison. And more than one story is told of how he has gone down into his own pockets to help out former friends who have stumbled from the narrow path.

He loves to play a practical joke, but only such as will leave no sting. One Saturday morning, in the corridor of the Federal Building in Chicago, he met a reporter and gave him a cigar—a fat and fragrant cigar. The writer was profuse in his thanks, confessed that he was broke and would be until paid in the afternoon, and that the smoke was a "life saver." As no court was scheduled for the day, the reporter lighted the cigar and strolled into the court-room to chat with those grouped about the clerk's desk. Suddenly the Judge entered, gravely took his seat and rapped for order. His Honor sniffed, then called a marshal and whispered to him. A curl of haze coming from under a table at which the reporter was sitting indicated where he was trying to hide the cigar, but the marshal's cry of, "No smoking," sent him hastily to a corner, where he regretfully plunged his weed into a bucket at the foot of the ice-water cooler. Five minutes later the Judge, who had been turning the pages of a law book, declared court adjourned and went out. Apparently the laugh comes here, but wait. His Honor sent for the reporter, engaged him in conversation as they left the building and adroitly steered him to a nearby hotel, where he purchased two cigars for the writer and a package of favorite cigarettes for himself.

Although thousands of columns have been printed about him, only upon one occasion did he even partly deny anything written by the "newspaper boys." That was when he called attention in court to the fact that four women were swearing to radically different testimony, and the printed yarns made it appear as if he had attacked the veracity of the entire female sex.

The Judge's father fought with an Indiana regiment in the civil struggle, and at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, near Atlanta, crossed the path of a Confederate bullet. News of the birth of a son hastened his recovery—the son being given a name to commemorate the famous battle.

Under the rule of the National Commission and, perhaps, because of the picayune practices which obtained at times in the big show in recent years, with bickerings and lawsuits being featured, baseball received the worst black eye in its history, gambling flourished in some parks, and certain players were deliberately crooked. The club owners of the major leagues have chosen Judge Landis to get them out of their present predicament, and promised to work in harmony and support him, things which must be done to win back the confidence of the fans. The National League is doing its bit, as it has from the time that it began kicking supposed dishonest players from its clubs without waiting for a scandalous public exposé to compel action. But the American League is not working harmoniously. Split into factions, it is continuing the internal fight which may yet wreck its organization. The fans are going to stand behind Judge Landis, and they have no sympathy with the grudges of certain American League personalities. Let the Judge take the offenders across his judicial knee and give them the thrashing they deserve.

## Kicking a Million Around

By JOHN A. FRASER

**I**N Chicago the pork packers proudly boast that they have found a use for every part of the pig but the squeal, and they claim they are 100 per cent. efficient because of that, yet some of these days a long-haired inventor will show up and demonstrate to them how to use the squeal, too, at a profit.

Every business has unsuspected possibilities, no matter how well run it is. Sometimes it's a by-product, and sometimes it is a plan for substituting a new by-product for the original article of manufacture. And not infrequently the biggest profit lay in plain sight all the time, with everybody tripping over it three times a day and protesting: "Oh, you can't do that!"

There's the case of a certain very well-known steamship company engaged in transporting certain merchandise from South and Central American and West Indian ports to New York and Boston. For twenty-five years this company has been running winter tours. Then one morning the Government took the steamships away from them to transport troops, and the winter tour business was tucked away in a pigeonhole until called for. Early last summer the ships came back, and for a time nobody knew quite what to do with them.

"We can use a lot of those good accommodations next winter when we put the touring rates back," remarked one of the officials of the company at a board meeting.

"Yes. Next winter!" snapped another official. "And in the meantime what about those dividends the stockholders will be looking for?"

"Wish we could get some touring this summer," complained another board member. "Couldn't run a few ships up around Labrador, or Hudson's Bay, could you?"

"Cost too much. Freight business is the big thing. Passenger business is only a side line," was the reply.

A new member of the board, one who knew almost nothing at all about the steamship business, but who had a few ideas on human psychology, took his courage in his hand and broke into the discussion.

"Why not put on summer tours to the tropics?" he asked; "—now wait a minute. You've only run winter tours to the tropics, and winter is not a vacation season. Not one person in a hundred can get away from business in the winter. That's luxury travel. But summer is vacation time. Everybody who gets a vacation, gets one

then, and that's when they want to travel. I don't believe people care where they go, just so long as it is a new place. And look at the romance of the Caribbean Sea! Look at the foreign atmosphere of the West Indies; the Central American ports; the Gulf! Why on all counts there ought to be a tremendous attraction for a reasonably priced trip to the tropics in the summer. Never mind the heat. I'll bet that won't operate against romance!"

There was discussion. Oh, yes, there was plenty of discussion, and in the end they decided to try out the plan.

They let the news be known, and issued trip tickets at a reasonable rate. The result shocked the old hard-shells on the board; and it shocked the officials, for the summer tours to the tropics sold like hot cakes. It seemed as if every one with a few hundred dollars and a little vacation time wanted to see the tropics. The summer business was close to a million dollars—that otherwise the company would not have had, and now summer tours to the Caribbean are a copper-riveted feature of that steamship company's business. But it lay around just aching for some one to identify it as a profit maker.



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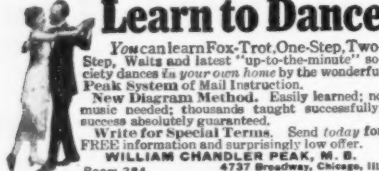
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## AS WE WERE SAYING

BY ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

### THE ABBREVIATED LIFE

A KITCHENETTE is where we cook  
Our meals from day to day;  
In bedroomette, a tiny nook,  
We sleep the nights away.

A picturette adorns our wall;  
A carpetette, our floor;  
A bathroomette is off our hall,  
Exactly three by four.

Within, our bathtubette behold,  
With showerette on high.  
We've waterette, both hot and cold,  
Our flesh to purify.

When winter makes its icy threat,  
And round our window drums,  
We seek our radiatorette,  
And up the heatette comes.

Abbreviated lives we live;  
But time is passing fast;  
We have this promise positive—  
A roomy tomb at last.

The Archaeological Institute of America announces the discovery of a forty-five-story stone apartment-house in the Southwestern desert, presumably of Indian origin. There is a rumor, as yet unconfirmed, that the skeleton of a prehistoric hall-boy, his right palm outstretched, was found with a flint axe-head imbedded in his skull. Apartment-house dwellers have since learned to practice restraint.

### FROM AN OLD PRINT

JUST as clay tablets inform us of life as it was lived by the Babylonians, so do old lithographs tell us of the manners and customs of our own immediate ancestors. A polite race, our immediate ancestors, take it from the lithographs. We of today show a vast falling-off in courtesy. Examine almost any print of fifty years ago and with scarce an exception you will note somewhere in the foreground a gentleman in a narrow-waisted frock-coat and a shiny high hat, promenading with a lady in crinoline and a child in pantalettes. To be sure, there are also the equestrian couple indulging in a mad gallop, right through the streets—there were no traffic squads then—and likewise the small boy with the Sanford-and-Merton cap violently propelling a hoop, but it is upon the family trio aforesaid that one's attention centers.

Where is that man's successor? Never in a hurry, courtly, informative, gallant, his like has disappeared from our thoroughfares. He rush. He strolled. With walking-stick upraised, he directs the wondering gaze of crinoline and pantalettes. Sometimes he points out to them a passing omnibus; sometimes a park pond gay with skaters; sometimes a parade of militia. You feel, looking at the lithographed record of his manner, that crinoline and pantalettes would have missed the omnibus, the pond or the parade entirely had frock-coat not been present with his cane painstakingly to point it out to them. You can almost hear him say, as you look at an old print, "Skaters, my dear." "A parade, my love." "One of the new omnibuses, my daughter."

Ah, ladies of the present, we grieve for you! You have no consort like this. Your man's cane is but something to hang on his arm. When he walks with you, about his only remark is, "Gosh, did you notice the height of that girl's skirt?"

(Business of being shocked, which fools no-

body.) Should you hesitate, and look at something, he will come to and snap, "Whatyoustoppinherefor?" As for daughter, the sophisticated successor of pantalettes, she has no time to waste in walking with two impossible people like Mother and Dad.

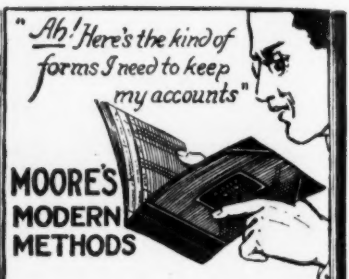
FURTHER proof of the depravity of man was his willingness to hide hootch in shipments of Christmas trees, those bland symbols of peace and good-will. What may happen in a few weeks more when any holder of a sizable Easter Egg will be open to official suspicion, we leave to imaginations more active than our own. As for the Fourth of July, consider the prima-facie case that could be made out against a giant firecracker, however innocent its appearance. Already you can hear the retailer sobbing, "We have to charge high for them because they're so scarce. So many of them were broken open by the revenue men."

### THE GENTLER SEX

A REPORT in the New York Times that "women of the highest standing" attended a recent prizefight—the Dempsey-Brennan affair—plunged into the depths of pessimism those who constantly fear the worst. The country is going to the dogs even faster than good people had supposed. And yet, stop a bit. What a tame thing is a prizefight—limited rounds, gloves, referee—compared with the bouts which "women of the highest standing" used to witness from the choice seats of the Roman Arena. Things aren't so bad. Even with an audience fifty per cent. women, we shouldn't take it to heart; not at some fights, certainly; there is more rough stuff in Blind-Man's Buff. As for the society dame of ancient Rome, after seeing a few gladiators get the thumbs-down sign, and a set or two of hand-picked martyrs pass out by the lion route, it is likely that she remarked as she gathered up her wraps, "A pretty slow bunch of bouts, I'll tell the Roman world!" Woman has a long, long way to slide before she slips all the way back.

### REFORM IN WAX

THIS comes from Paris: "Lloyd George, the British Premier, clad only in underwear, caused much amusement one day last week in the Avenue de l'Opera." It wasn't the real Lloyd George; it was a shopwindow mannikin made of wax in his likeness. His costume is changed frequently in accordance with the goods to be featured. A wax Foch is with him; so is a wax Wilson. Thanks, Paris. May the idea spread and spell the doom of the pie-faced tailor's dummy. Long enough has the latter defied progress. He has been a frame on which masculine clothes were hung, but whose masculinity otherwise was nil. He has been offensively neuter; an immaculate it, not a virile he. Let this Parisian seed take root in America. Let our shop-windows combine waxen art with commerce. The Hon. Josephus Daniels in a navy blue union-suit; the Hon. Samuel Gompers in serge, white flannel and a yachting cap; the Hon. William H. Taft in a bathrobe and a pair of comfy slippers.



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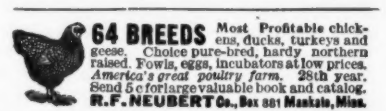
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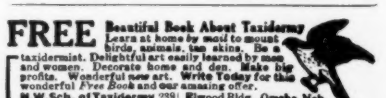
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Conducted by H. W. Slauson, M. E.

Readers desiring information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, "Leslie's Weekly," 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We answer inquiries free of charge.

### DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why dual valves are used on some cars?

2. Why the automatic inlet valve was long ago discarded?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. Why do springs break?

Some springs break because of a defect in the heat-treating [or a flaw in the material]. A spring breakage may be due to an excessive load applied to them, such as the impact over an obstruction or a drop into a hole in the road. Most spring breakages occur on the rebound when the collective supporting effect of the nest of

leaves forming the spring is reversed and each leaf bears the shock individually.

2. Why are racing bodies built with a tail?

At high speeds wind resistance is one of the greatest obstacles to be overcome. A square box-like rear on a car will leave a partial vacuum behind it, the creation of which requires unnecessary power. If the rear of the body can terminate in a line or point with no sharp angles, the surrounding air flows away smoothly without the creation of a vacuum and with a minimum disturbance of the surrounding air. Air currents at the rear of the car as well as those created by the front are to be reckoned with in the elimination of resistance to high-speed travel.

### WHAT TO DO WHEN THE ENGINE KNOCKS

**R**EMEMBER this—a knock or other similar abnormal sound represents wear. Such a sound may also be the result of wear, but nevertheless it means more wear as long as the conditions producing it continue.

#### THE MECHANICAL

type of knock is, as a rule, due either to overheating or to an overload applied to some part not able to withstand such a load. For example, a frequent cause of a mysterious knock may be due to a

#### LOOSE FLY-WHEEL

in which case overheating has not as yet taken place, but the load imposed by the fly-wheel has been too great for the key, nut, squared shaft, or other means of holding the fly-wheel in place. A fly-wheel represents so heavy a mass that the retaining means must be exceptionally tight. You cannot test the nut or key with your fingers, or even a moderate-sized wrench. A heavy wrench supplemented by a long length of pipe into which the handle is inserted must be used to make sure that the nut is sufficiently tight.

A similar, but less violent, knock may be caused by a

#### LOOSE TRIMMING GEAR

in which the key or other retaining means has been worn. Unless such a sound is aggravated, however, you will be able to drive the car for some time until an expert repair man can remove the gear case and fit a new key or other retaining device.

The ability to locate a sound is important if we would determine its cause. If the engine knocks when not in gear, it may be advisable to listen and determine whether the sound comes from the front or rear part, or from the upper or lower portions. A device sometimes employed by garage men is useful for this purpose and consists of a metal diaphragm similar to a telephone receiver in the center of which a long, slender steel rod is attached by one end. On moving the other end of this steel rod around the various parts of the engine, and holding the ear close to the cup-shaped diaphragm, the source of the sound may be located through the same magnifying principle as that employed in the physician's stethoscope.

A mechanical thump or knock when the engine is pulling and which does not disappear when other remedies are applied, is certain to be due to a

#### LOOSE CRANK SHAFT BEARING

The engine may be run slowly under these conditions if the knock is not pronounced, but the indication of trouble should not be overlooked, and the bearings should be repaired or taken up at the first opportunity. There is no roadside remedy other than the assurance that the crank case oil is clean and of the proper quality and quantity.

Many mysterious knocks emanate from the cylinders and may be due to a

#### PISTON SLAP

produced through the accumulation of carbon or faulty ignition or carburetion. However, use of the wrong type of

#### SPARK PLUG

in certain kinds of engines may interfere with the free movement of the piston. If the spark-plug opening is placed so near the point reached by the top of the stroke of the piston that a long spark plug will interfere with the movement of the latter, a pronounced knock will be heard unless the proper type of plug is employed.

Many so-called engine knocks which often worry motorists are due to the

#### VALVE TAPPETS

This is not actually a knock, however, but is a click produced as the cam revolves and raises the valve. While such a sound indicates wear, it is not serious, and it is far better to have the tappets loosely adjusted so that such a sound is produced rather than have them absolutely tight and run the risk of preventing an absolute seating of the valve when the engine is warm and the various metal parts are expanded by the heat.

A frequent cause of knocking is

#### OVERHEATING

A piece of metal which is overheated, expands beyond its normal amount. For example, if the piston expands unduly, it will grip the walls of the cylinder more tightly and require greater effort to move it. The slightest looseness of the connecting rod bearing will assert itself with a pound or thump whenever the connecting rod endeavors to pull or push the tight-fitting piston.

A companion to overheating is carbon trouble which, through the formation of projecting points becoming incandescent after incessant explosions, causes pre-ignition of the mixture.



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# JASPER'S HINTS TO INVESTORS

**NOTICE.**—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their weekly and to answers to inquiries on financial questions and, in emergencies, to answers by telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit \$7 directly to the office of LESLIE'S in New York and not through any subscription agency. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be enclosed. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Full name and exact street address, or number of postoffice box, should always be given. Anonymous communications will not be answered. The privileges of this department are not extended to members of clubs who are not individual subscribers.

**T**HE note of optimism sounded by so many leading financiers and captains of industry at the beginning of the new year had marked and beneficial effects. It aroused hosts of business men from the apathy of discouragement, and infused the spirit of hopefulness into people in general all over the land. Even had there been much less ground for such utterances, it would have been "good psychology" to make them, for courage and hope have a wonderful power to shape men's destinies. But the cheerful forecasters had abundant solid reasons for their expressed faith in America's future. They drew their conclusions from our vast resources, the abundant crops of 1920, improved transportation facilities, the strong banking situation, and other favorable conditions. Each elapsing day of 1921 is preaching the gospel of revival of trade and restored prosperity. The wagon of enterprise has had to strike several "thank you marms" on the highway of progress, but the vehicle has not been badly damaged and the road ahead looks smoother and safer.

The action of the securities market has been highly significant. Apparently prices of corporation issues have discounted the worst that can happen in business and are prophetic of a recovery soon. This is deducible less from the actual advances made in the values of stocks and bonds than from the cessation of the declining tendency. Hardpan bottom seems to have been finally touched; and whatever fluctuations are yet to occur, the day of constant and bottomless slumping appears to have been lived through.

The master key to the situation is the resumption of free buying by the public from the retailers, by the retailers from the wholesalers, and by the latter from the manufacturers. The reports are that this is already commencing. The assertion that it will be prevented, or at least retarded, by the widespread unemployment and the cutting of wages may be met by the argument that with costs of production (including labor) lowered, commodities will be cheaper and therefore easily obtainable by those whose earnings are lessened. When prices shall have been readjusted all around, two desirable things will have happened: business will have been stabilized and H. C. L. will have disappeared. There is every reason to believe that consumption will be relatively as large under the new order of values as it ever was, and that will mean profitable production on an extensive scale.

The farming population, it is estimated, constitutes about 60 per cent. of the buying power of the United States. Doleful reports have been circulating of bankruptcy menace to the agriculturists because of the heavy fall in values of their products. Now it is being disclosed that our soil-tillers have not had a solar-plexus blow. They are far from being knocked out. They are only a little "groggy," having losses to meet like men in all other industries, re-

ducing the reserve built up in the era of inflation. But they are sturdily accepting the lean with the fat, and this year will seed ten million acres, a greater area than was harvested last year. So it is evident that if the prices of commodities which farmers need get low enough—are equalized with those of grain and livestock—the farmers' buying power will show up strong and steady.

Renewal of buying will be the certain signal of improvement in trade. While at first this may be moderate, it will be continuous and will gain momentum as it proceeds. The time at which the signal shall be heard cannot be foretold to the minute, but it cannot now long be delayed.

The determination shown in Congress to cut governmental expenditures to the bone, and thus to lighten taxation, should inspire all with new hope. The slashing of appropriations to the extent of not less than \$1,200,000,000 is promised, and if the disarmament propositions now in view should prevail, we could confidently look forward to much relief for the taxpayers.

One of the encouraging signs of the time has been the broadening of transactions in the securities market. In one day, recently, as many as 424 issues were traded in, making a new record in that respect. A noticeable feature of the market is the acquiring of an immense number of shares by odd-lot buyers. Persons of limited capital are awakening to the opportunities now offered of obtaining securities at bargain prices, and are putting away their purchases for "keeps." This is the height of wisdom on their part. It will be years before like good chances will be had. Only let discrimination be exercised. If bonds and stocks of the better classes alone shall be considered, one cannot too promptly or too boldly make commitments at this time.

**R., WASHINGTON, D.C.:** The International Mercantile Marine Co. lately declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. on preferred. The directors took no action on the dividend arrears of 42 per cent., it being thought best to conserve resources until ocean traffic improves. The officials report that the company's passenger business holds up well, but the revenue from freight is small. Should the proposed efforts to promote commerce succeed, this company should profit largely.

**K., ROCHESTER, N. Y.:** The Niagara Falls Power Company's 1st and consolidation mortgage series AA 6 per cent. gold bonds are due November 1, 1920. The company pays Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. The bonds are coupon, in denominations of \$500 and \$1,000, and principal may be registered. The company operates all the hydro-electric power plants on the American side of the river at Niagara Falls, and controls the power plant on the Canadian side. Total net income for the year ended September 30, 1920, was over 2½ times interest requirements. The bonds were offered at a price to yield 7 per cent.

**A., WINSTED, CONN.:** Endicott-Johnson pfd. is a well-regarded industrial stock. At around \$85 it is not selling out of line with a number of other stocks in pretty good standing. American Woolen pfd., a seasoned issue, is quoted but a few points higher. Central Leather pfd. and Studebaker pfd. have been at about the same figure, while such speculative stocks as Pierce-Arrow pfd., and Pierce Oil pfd., each paying 8 per cent. are considerably lower. The 7 per cent. stocks that are selling at about par or over are in better position than Endicott-Johnson pfd. Corn Products common is selling so high because in addition to its regular dividend of \$4 per year, it

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## Under this Heading "Free Booklets for Investors"

on page 105 you will find a descriptive list of booklets and circulars of information which will be of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety. A number of them are prepared especially for the smaller investor and the "beginner in investing."



## How They Get That Way

Meaning the fellows who are playing at the movie game—amassing fortunes, and losing 'em. It's a fascinating story told in a fascinating way by "Lenso," the motion picture editor of

## JUDGE

which you should read in the current issue whether or not you are a picture "fan." Lenso tells some big, illuminating facts, discusses art for business' sake, discourses on the practical side of screen enterprise as only he can—having been in the game a long time and knowing it from every angle. This number of JUDGE is labeled:

### New and Old Moves in the Movies

and deals with a lot of motion picture interest in text and pictures—funny most of 'em; intended to be so, anyway. Tell your newsdealer to lay aside your personal copy of

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is paying an extra of \$2, making a total return of \$6. Pierce-Arrow pfd. is an inviting speculation. New York, January 15, 1921. JASPER.

### Free Booklets for Investors

The Dallas County State Bank, Dallas, Texas, offers 7% 1st mortgages on homes and farms in its locality, in sums of \$500 and upward, and invites requests for information.

Miami first mortgages, amply secured and well safeguarded, paying 7%, are dealt in by the G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company, Miami, Fla. Write for their references and booklet No. B-2.

A description of the method of operating with Puts and Calls, guaranteed by members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange, has been prepared by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, and will be sent to any applicant for circular L.

How to get the trend of the market is explained in one of the chapters of an interesting booklet, "Five Successful Methods of Operating in the Stock Market," written by an expert, and issued by Sexsmith & Company, 107 Liberty Street, New York. If interested ask the firm for booklet D-7.

It is not too late in the month to consult for helpful suggestions the "Straus Guide for Safe Investment for January, 1921." It will interest anybody having from \$100 upward to invest. To get this useful publication, write for booklet A-1103 to S. W. Straus & Company, 115 Broadway, New York, or Straus Bldg., Chicago.

The cornerstone of success is often laid by the purchase of a sound security. Dunham & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York, issue a list of

income-producing securities that are well worth while. This may be obtained without charge, as well as an outline of the firm's monthly instalment plan which makes purchase easy. Write to the company for its security list and booklet 100-D.D.

The outlook for sound securities is interestingly discussed in the current number of "Investment Survey" published by Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, Stock Exchange Bldg. Philadelphia, and 40 Exchange Place, New York. The article indicates that the worst in the market is over. Copies of the firm's bi-weekly publication and details of its twenty-payment-systematic-savings plan will be sent on request.

A variety of attractive securities yielding satisfactory returns is described in a new booklet prepared by H. M. Bylesby & Co., Inc., 111 Broadway, New York, 208 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, 30 State Street, Boston, and 10 Weybosset Street, Providence. The Bylesby organization is widely and favorably known for its capacity to operate profitable enterprises. Bylesby electric and gas companies serve more than 500 cities and towns. Their issues are well regarded. Apply to Bylesby & Co. for booklet L-1.

Leading financiers agree that now is just the time to buy bonds, preferred stocks and common stocks of the best grade. Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, offer to help investors by sending to them on request a market bulletin discussing many attractive securities, now selling cheap, and a booklet showing how these may be purchased on monthly payment terms. Write to Clarkson & Co., Department DW-27, for their booklet, "Thrift-Savings-Investment," together with suggestions that will be helpful.

## Crops in 1920 Worth \$22,000,000,000

IN his recently issued annual report, Secretary of Agriculture Meredith says that in 1920 the farmers of America, in spite of enormous difficulties, produced the largest harvest, except one, in our history. The combined yield of ten principal crops exceeded by 13 per cent. the average of the five years preceding the World War. The Secretary makes the following comparison of the production of the principal crops of 1920 with those of 1919 and the five-year average:

	1920	1919	5-Year Aver. 1914-1918
<b>Cereals, bu.:</b>			
Corn	3,199,126,000	2,917,450,000	2,732,457,000
Wheat	750,648,000	940,987,000	728,225,000
Oats	1,444,411,000	1,248,310,000	1,157,901,000
Barley	101,386,000	105,719,000	180,208,000
Rye	77,803,000	88,478,000	37,568,000
Buckwheat	14,321,000	16,301,000	17,022,000
Rice	52,298,000	41,059,000	24,378,000
Grain sorghums	148,747,000	126,058,000	
Total	5,878,830,000	5,544,362,000	4,883,819,000
<b>Vegetables, bu.:</b>			
Potatoes	421,252,000	357,901,000	360,772,000
Sweet Potatoes	105,076,000	103,579,000	57,117,000
Beans	9,304,000	11,488,000	
Onions	15,132,000	9,412,000	
Cabbage (tons)	622,000	289,000	
<b>Fruits, bu.:</b>			
Peaches	44,523,000	50,434,000	43,752,000
Pears	15,558,000	13,902,000	11,184,000
Apples	236,187,000	147,457,000	
<b>Miscellaneous</b>			
Cotton, bales	12,123,000	11,330,000	14,259,000
Flaxseed, bu.	10,376,000	8,019,000	18,358,000
Hay, tons	106,451,000	108,606,000	81,640,000
Sugar beets, tons	8,812,000	6,421,000	5,391,000
Tobacco, lbs.	1,476,444,000	1,389,458,000	991,958,000

At farm prices, these crops are valued at \$13,300,000,000. Add to this animal products valued at \$8,750,000,000, and we have a grand total of \$22,000,000,000

produced by the farmers in 1920. Prices of all crops on November 1 were 33 per cent. lower than when the farmers planted them.



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## As the Poles Apart

(Concluded from page 92)

Mrs. Blum settled herself cosily on the arm of her husband's chair. She slipped a shapely arm around his neck and pressed her soft cheek against his.

Blum sighed and reached for his personal check book. He was filling in the amount when Mrs. Blum's hand stopped him.

"Just make it five hundred more than we talked about, Solly dear," she pleaded. "Honest, I've got to have it—"

"Suffering dividents!" Saul Blum groaned.

"But Solly! Please listen! I only ordered three dresses of Estelle, like I said I would . . . honestly they're such simple little things I'm almost ashamed to wear them—but prices are up twenty per cent. this afternoon. And Solly, Estelle told me in confidence I'd better take them today because wool went up again this morning, and tomorrow—"

"Enough," said Saul Blum, signing hastily on the dotted line. After his wife had gone he pondered for perhaps five minutes. "So," he decided finally, "wool's gone up, has it? So!" He pressed a button and a secretary came, note-book in hand.

"General order," Blum dictated. "To all stores . . . Mark it 'Rush' and have it telephoned out. Ready?"

AL NELSON, the carpenter, driving the last nail into the new counter he was building for the butcher, Beppler, felt a sharp tug at his overalls. He looked down to behold the third from the youngest of the Nelson brood.

"Pop," shrilled the youngster. "Oh, Pop! Mom says give her five dollars more right away quick because she's at the Blum store and she ain't got enough to pay for supper an' she's got to have the money, or they won't let her carry out our supper, an' the price of everything is up somp'n fierce, an' she told me to come find you quick as I could leg it, so gimme the five dollars, Pop, quick!"

"I got that new counter all finished, Beppler," said Al Nelson, thoughtfully eying the rosy-faced butcher a few minutes later. "But I guess I'll have to stick you twenty-five more'n I said I would on account of the cost of materials and labor going up so. You fellows all been raising the cost of living so high a man can't tell where he gets off from one meal to another any more these days."

"Twenty-five extra is pretty steep, Al," Beppler pondered. "The way you fellows been shoving up prices on us fellows is nothing more nor less than robbery, Al, and that's a fact. But still, I suppose I gotta have that new counter—"

SAM McCANN arrived home at Gilligan Place fully half an hour earlier than was his wont. So early in fact that he almost found Mrs. McCann out, she having just slipped in ahead of him from the afternoon movie.

It was but human nature that Mrs. McCann should create a diversion to cover her own weakness.

"You big bum, you've been getting stewed again and staying off the job," she accused him promptly. "You can leave your own wife slave her fingers to

the bone all day and every day while you blow your money raising a hoo-de-doo instead of bringing it home to the woman who was simp enough to marry you, you big stiff! If you got what was coming to you—"

"Shut up," growled Sam McCann. "I'm home early account of the strike, that's why. Boys was all called off at four o'clock. Word come from headquarters. I talked to a guy knows a fellow that's next to a guy knows Joe Fish himself, and Joe says positively they got a tip the contractors has all agreed on a twenty-five per cent. raise in costs. We're going to get our bit or know the reason why. That's why I'm home. Now dry up and gimme my dinner."

"All right," countered Mrs. McCann, "then hustle out to Beppler's and get some meat. I want two pounds of prime tenderloin and a pound of liver for Kewpie."

In course of time Sam McCann came back. He slammed a small package upon the table.

"That Beppler's a crook," he announced, "and I told him so. For a cancelled W.S.S. I'd go back and poke him one in the nose, too! The price of tenderloin's been doubled, that's all. And when I asked him how liver stood, he chirps that liver stands where tenderloin did yesterday. He's a dirty profiteer, that's what he is—"

Mrs. McCann interrupted, weighing the package in her hand. "That's never two pounds of tenderloin, Sam McCann!"

"You're darn right it ain't. That's a pound of liver—"

"Kewpie's liver, but how about us?"

"I'll tell you how about us. Kewpie's liver be hanged. We eat that liver tonight and the mutt goes without, that's how about us!" Mrs. McCann cooked the liver.

AGAIN the lights were out in exclusive Fishkill Square and populous Gilligan Place. The big October moon monopolized backyard illumination.

All the world slept, all save Kewpie and Jason Clegg, the cement king.

Jason Clegg retired late after another normal evening of dining, girl-and-music show, roof, cigars, drinks and more cigars. Of all the world had to offer he craved only sleep, but again he tossed restlessly on his period bed in the period-decorated chamber of his Fishkill Square home.

The moon shone full on Kewpie and Kewpie stared back upon it from red-rimmed eyes that burned with hate, hate doubly inflamed by hunger and the insults of Sam McCann who had dared to deprive him of his liver.

He raised his feverish black button of a nose toward the moon and opened to its widest his pink-lined mouth.

Grief shook the form of Mama's Boy, grief and rage that churned within him, and demanded utterance. Then the air of night was split by his keening, shrill-pitched as the voice of dry pencil on dry slate, yet voluminous too, telling in long-drawn eloquence all the pent-up hatred, all the misbegotten spite of one useless, pampered, hungry mutt.

And Jason Clegg, roused from an uneasy doze, added his profane obligato to the song that made night hideous.

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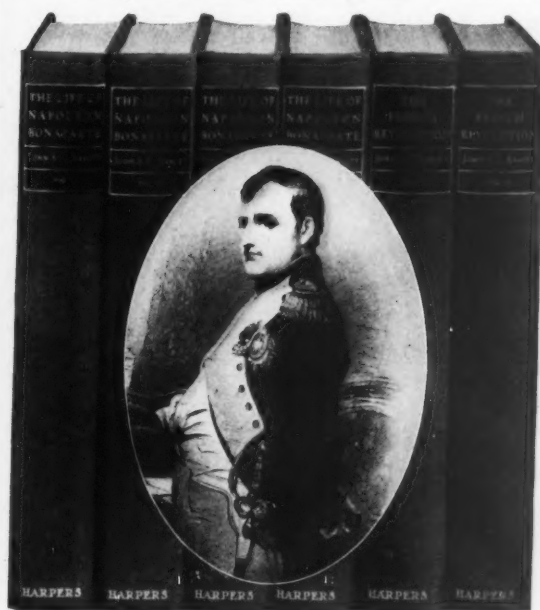
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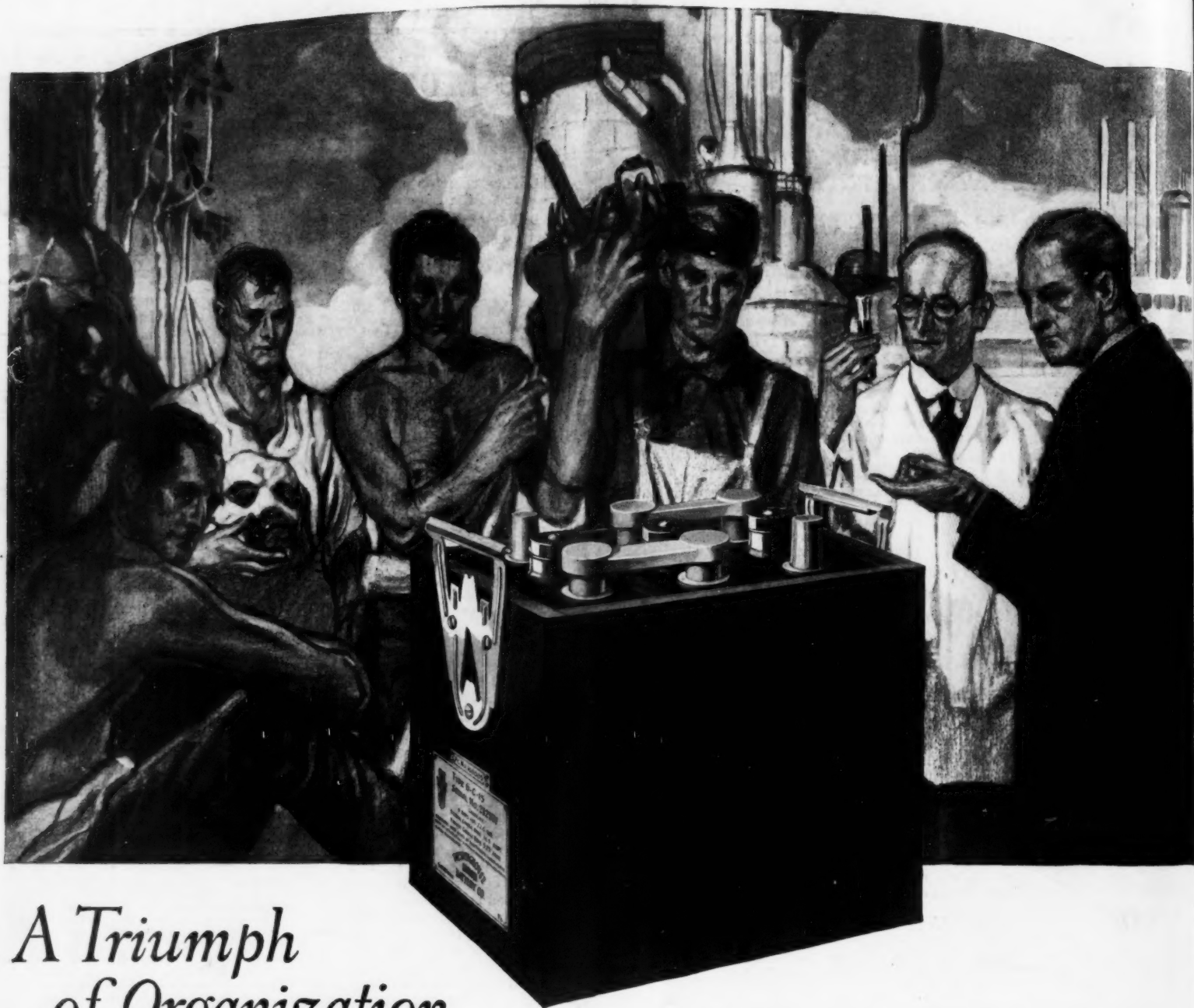
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to insure thorough, unhurried production, with every possible facility to promote quality of output. New manufacturing processes were perfected. Every man in the personnel is a selected man. Distribution and service were developed with extreme care that every element should share the vision of usefulness that underlies this business.

Back of all and making possible this achievement are Westinghouse Air Brake resources and the Westinghouse habit of success.

When you put a Westinghouse Battery in your car, you reap the benefit of scientific, modern organization. The genius of industry has expressed itself in a battery of utmost reliability and longer life.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY COMPANY, SWISSVALE, PENNSYLVANIA

# WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES